VOGUE

V. 15

VASTATING AT HOME:
ASHIONS
IEN ADORE

RD SNOWDON'S
OTOGRAPHS FOR
VATE VIEW"

ANNE MOREAU:
T IS AN
T OF LOVE"

R THE MAN
U WANT TO
OK GREAT:
RAIGHT TALK
OM A
MOUS DOCTOR

INBOCHER
FOOD



People keep telling me I'm too prissy, too prudish, too modest, too shy.

Swiza Sheffield



Tempo. $27.50.

Champs Elysees. $25.



*Hawaii. $20.



New Yorker. $20.



Astro. $25.



Darien. $22.50

*ORNATE BASE METAL TRIM

THESE SOLID BRASS CLOCKS ARE APPROXIMATELY DOUBLE THE SIZE SHOWN.

When a clock collection this elegant comes all the way from Switzerland... you can expect it to stop off at only the finest places:

BONWIT TELLER
NEW YORK AND BRANCHES

I. MAGNIN & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO AND BRANCHES

Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS AND BRANCHES

Neusteters
DENVER AND BRANCHES

AT THESE FINE STORES OR FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE: **SWIZA-SHEFFIELD** 417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10016





What do they know?

The Stretchbra*, $5. The tiered half-slip, $6., in short and short-short. Both in Flamenco Red.™ Olé.

Flamenco Red by Warner's®

* © 1965 WARNER BROS. *COVERED BY U.S. PATENT #3120848. FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING.



Revillon

AT

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

The precious fur for the precious few—

our natural Empress Chinchilla ski jacket.

Matching boots to order.

NOVEMBER 15, 1965

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, President

Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



BERT STERN

COVER: Enchanting flight of white for evening—a hood of sleek snowy feathers with fluttering black tips; tied under the chin, just touching the shoulders. . . . Framed in feathers: a face with reason to glow—a great new makeup that goes whoosh instead of dab dab dab. It's formulated so frothily and creamily that it comes in an aerosal flacon, is called Ultima II Cremefoam—this shade, Dresden Peach. Over it, a fluffing of Ultima II Mauvesse blushing powder. The lipstick: Ultima Diabolo Pink, glossed up with Ultima II Frost. All by Revlon. Hood of goose feathers, by Adolfo. Saks Fifth Avenue.

FASHION

81 Vogue's eye view: the night of the shoulder-bag
102 At home . . . fashions men adore
114 Vogue Patterns: at home clothes
116 Chanel—her famous new dinner pyjamas
122 The Breakaways: new young Zingos in fashion
126 The dressing-room fur
129 Merle Oberon at home
130 Accessories—the wit of fashion
136 Blazing south—snapdashio prints and sun covers
140 The Marimekko Idea—a special collection of fashions from Finland
146 The Private I—new nightdresses

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

61 Travel: Helsinki. By Despina Messinesi
82 H.R.H. The Princess Margaret, Countess of Snowdon—and the Earl of Snowdon—on an Official Visit to the United States
84 From the Superb New Book by Robertson/Russell/Snowdon, *Private View: The Lively World of British Art,* Photographs by Lord Snowdon
97 The Adventure of Making *Private View.* By John Russell
98 People Are Talking About . . . Barbara Harris . . . David Carradine
100 Jeanne Moreau: "Art Is an Act of Love." By Marguerite Duras
161 Private Wire from Everywhere

FASHIONS IN LIVING

152 Witness Before a Bar of Silver
154 A Second Fame: Good Food—Main Bocher. By Ninette Lyon

BEAUTY

74 Beauty Checkout: Quick rescues for looks
118 Men and their looks: Tape-talk from a famous doctor
127 ". . . and so perfumed that the winds were love-sick with them . . ." By Lesley Blanch

DEPARTMENTS

62 Vogue's Notebook: Princess d'Arenberg's El Morocco Gala
64 Vogue's Notebook: Débutante Party in a San Francisco Museum
66 Vogue's Notebook: Concert at the New York Philharmonic
68 Vogue's Notebook: Theatre. By Robert W. Corrigan
69 Vogue's Notebook: Movies. By N. N. Nikton
70 Vogue's Notebook: Books. By Ralph Blum
71 Vogue's Notebook: Theatre. By Henry Popkin
79 Vogue's Own Boutique of Suggestions, Finds, Observations
164 Vogue's Shop Hound: Fashions in Living

Vol. 146, No. 9, Whole No. 2149

Copyright © 1965 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR, $17 FOR TWO YEARS, $22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $11 FOR ONE YEAR, $19 FOR TWO YEARS, $25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOULDER, COLORADO 80312. GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Boulder, Colorado 80312

AMERICAN VOGUE
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

DIANA VREELAND
Editor-in-Chief
Associate Editor: ALLENE TALMEY
Art Director: PRISCILLA PECK
Managing Editor: ROSEMARY BLACKMON
Beauty and Special Projects Editor: CAROL PHILLIPS
Special Features Editor: MARGARET CASE
Assistant to the Editor-in-Chief: GRACE MIRABELLA
Fashion Editors: BABS SIMPSON CATHERINE DI MONTEZEMOLO NICOLAS DE GUNZBURG GLORIA SCHIFF KATHRYNE HAYS Shoes and Stockings MARGARET INGERSOLL Fabrics JOYCE MACRAE Fabrics Associate CARRIE DONOVAN MARY KRUMING DOROTHEA MCKENNA Foundations, Lingerie CATERINE MILINAIRE SUSAN SLAUGHTER Accessories
Los Angeles Editor: ELEANORE PHILLIPS
Paris Editor: SUSAN TRAIN
Rome Editor: CONSUELO CRESPI
Madrid Editor: ALINE ROMANONES
Copy Editor: EDITH LOEW GROSS
Fashions in Living Editor: ALISON HARWOOD
Fashions in Travel Editor: DESPINA MESSINESI
Associate Feature Editor: KATE LLOYD
Feature Associates: MARY ROBLEE HENRY PAMELA COLIN
Fashion Copy: LYDIA MCCLEAN MARY KLEVE KAREN WEED
Beauty: JESSICA CANNÉ JEAN PIERSON TOPSY TAYLOR
Contributing Editors: CECIL BEATON FRANÇOIS NOURISSIER TATIANA MCKENNA Food DOROTHEA WALKER SHEILA DE ROCHAMBEAU
Copy Executives: JEANNE BALLOT ANNIS BRADSHAW
Art Department: EDMUND WINFIELD GERALD SLATER CAROL KNOBLOCH

Publisher: S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.
Executive Editor: MILDRED GILBERT
Fashion Merchandising: DOROTHY PARK Editor EDIE BEESON SMITH
Fashion Marketing: BARBARA MCKIBBIN
Promotion: MARY JANE POOL Director MAUREEN FOUNTAIN Associate CAROL HARVEY ROBERT WALKER LOUIS THAYER
Fashion Services: GLORIA LISTER
Advertising Director: RICHARD A. SHORTWAY
Advertising Manager: ROBERT E. YOST
Eastern Advertising Manager: JOHN RODNEY
Beauty-Cosmetics Advertising Manager: WILLIAM D. LEAHON
Fashion Advertising Manager: ROBERT L. LEICHTER

BRANCH OFFICES
Statler Building, Boston, Mass. 02116 Robert Brennecke, Mgr.
65 East South Water Street, Chicago, Ill. 60601 Donald H. Koehler, Mgr.
3921 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90005 John Brunelle, Mgr.

BRITISH VOGUE
Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W. 1

FRENCH VOGUE
4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris 7

AUSTRALIAN VOGUE
49 Clarence Street, Sydney

THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH President
BENJAMIN BOGIN Vice President
PERRY L. RUSTON Executive Vice President
DANIEL SALEM Vice President (Overseas)
ROBERT J. LAPHAM Advertising Director
ALFRED W. COOK Treasurer
MARY E. CAMPBELL Secretary

JOLIE MADAME



'Jolie Madame' Spray Mist
now in a jewel of a
smoked-glass flacon, with the
faceted look of precious crystal.

BALMAIN

The most sophisticated
fragrance in all Paris

SPRAY MIST MADE IN U.S.A.



Resort '66. Adrift in voile.

Galey & Lord



Christmas comes but once a year

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57th ST.
SAN FRANCISCO 233 POST STREET
BEVERLY HILLS 9601 WILSHIRE BLVD.
HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG.



When you're ready to play for keeps

Hattie Carnegie's evocative new fragrance imported from France.



Perfume, $25 the ounce; flaconette, cologne concentré, talcum mist and spray mist, from $4 to $5.50. At Lord & Taylor, I. Magnin Co., Marshall Field, Filene's, The Dayton Co. and other fine stores you shop.



CAN FASHION BE CONSIDERED AN INVESTMENT?

How "Broadway Angels" spot the long runs

HOW TO BE A BROADWAY ANGEL On Broadway, you can try your wings a little at a time. Small investors are welcome backers for a wide range of plays.

LOOKING FOR THE LONG RUNS The money making plays are the ones that live long enough to make back their initial investment, then go on to make money for their investors. Judge by reading the script, seeing a rehearsal, evaluating producer, director and cast.

OPENING NIGHT As an "Angel" you'll be invited to the "opening." Show up in a shaped coat of white brocade that's very elegant over a two-piece dress of the same thing. (And speaking of long runs, we can't count all the theaters and soireés this Rona ensemble will be right for.)

INVESTMENT DETAILS Rona brocade coat and dress ensemble in off white or jet black. About 70.00, sizes 8 to 16. Quickly write Rona, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, New York, for the name of the fine store nearest you. Rona





THE YEAR OF NEFERTITI: Origin France...mood Eastern...in these 18kt gold and diamond jewels. The necklace, $7,900. The bracelet, $4,200. The brooch, $6,400. From a merveilleuse collection at Cartier.

Cartier



FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK; PLAZA 3-0111/CARTIER, INC., PALM BEACH/CARTIER, S.A., PARIS/CARTIER, LTD., LONDON

Shannon Rodgers



for Jerry Silverman

For fine stores and details see page 162



Necklace with removable pendant, about $5000.

On the never-ending joys of diamonds

In the radiant depth of the diamond shines joy undimmed for all time.
The diamond's beauty is unchangeable. It cannot wear out or go out of style.
Never has there been greater variety in designs in diamonds than today.
Exquisite jewels that often use small, fully cut stones for beauty without ostentation.
Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Swan pin, about $500; swirl pin, about $2175; ring, about $450.

Max Factor puts everything beautiful for lips and eyes...



into a sleek, chic New Petite Boutique



Now it's fun to make faces!



It all begins with four lipcolors, four eye colors, two brushes, and a bit of daring.

Now you can color your mouth pink, peach or beige, then (don't stop!) top with Lip Frosting for a shimmering non-stop glimmer. You can use each color alone... or mix and match!

Next, you can brush Trés Taupe on your eye lids. Cool it with Blue Mist if you like. Then... (when night falls) dash on the wide-eyed dazzle of True White. Mmm. Pretty.

Glow pale, glow wild. There isn't *any* way you can't glow with Max Factor's absolutely great new Petite Boutique. Buy one for you. Give one to everyone.

It all never ends. The fashion fun goes on and on...

New Petite Boutique by Max Factor

The first lipstick and eye shadow paintbox

© 1965, MAX FACTOR & CO.



L'Air du Temps

the romantic perfume

NINA RICCI

PARIS

L'Air du Temps Perfume, made and sealed in France. 85.00 to 10.50. Shown: Original Lalique crystal bird bottle. Eau de Toilette, Sprays, Dusting Powder, 20.00 to 6.00.

Extraordinary luxury...**TOURMALINE®** EMBA® natural pale beige mink—world's finest, from America

®EMBA MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION Virginia Thoren-Rice. Diamonds: Harry Winston





HOLLYWOOD VASSARETTE GOES FAR OUT FAR EAST

This is the wildly new way HV does indoor dressing for the young sophisticate! Far cry from the ho-hum—these colors from a sultana's jewels, these mad marvelous prints we lavish on looks like the long culotte (shown here), flowing little-supper robes, dashy new knicker pajamas. Each has HV's exclusive "Tai-Tie" waist design that wraps you like a precious package. Great look, great fashion idea! One size fits every figure. Each, $25.

HOLLYWOOD VASSARETTE® BRAS, GIRDLES, MISSES AND JUNIOR LINGERIE, STOCKINGS / DIV. OF MUNSINGWEAR, INC., 261 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY



This is the Saga of Leo Ritter and how he married off his youngest.

Leo babied this mink every inch of the way. Kept it chaste of line, yet wise and worldly in its fashion. Made it the darling of society. Suddenly they were playing, "Here comes the bride, all dressed in white mink." What a catch for a girl to make! What a match for Mr. Ritter to make! (Don't cry, Leo). It was a proud day. For the first time mink had been worked so narrow, that what resulted was an incredibly young and supple figure for fur. All this takes a rare kind of mink. Soft, pliant, yielding. That's why this has to be Saga. Natural white Saga mink from Scandinavia, fabulous furs for beautiful girls all around the world. If you want to make it your Saga, call on Ritter Brothers. They're so proud, they may even throw rice.

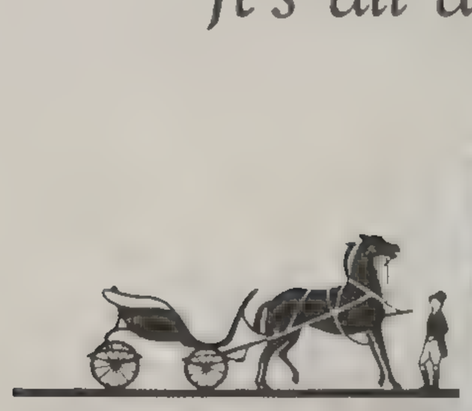
SAGA

THE MORE SUMPTUOUS MINK FROM
DENMARK, FINLAND, NORWAY



Calèche

It's all a woman needs to wear



MADE, PACKAGED, AND SEALED IN FRANCE
DIST U S A ©HERMARK CORPORATION 1965



New! ¼ Oz. Purse Size Spray 12.50
1 Oz. Spray—Mock Shell Case 32.50
Both Refillable

PARFUMS HERMÈS/Paris

Lord & Taylor • Marshall Field & Company • Robinson's

Formfit Rogers

NIGHT-SHAPERS



ON HOW TO BE LOVELY:

Start with lovely things.
A gown by Formfit/Rogers.
Absolutely feminine.

FALL IN LOVE.

With French lace,
Decolletage, Soft lines
and sheer fabric.

FEEL LOVELY.

In the look you love.
The back cut low and tied in a bow.
All grace in "demi-longeur."

Only Formfit/Rogers
puts you on a pedestal.

Gown in sheer nylon over nylon tricot, with French lace trim.
Skin-tone Powder Buff net fills in the bodice for a lovely thin look.
In Platinum Mist with white lace, Egyptian Blue with black lace, or
Black and Powder Buff with black lace.
Dress sized 10-18. Style 8097...$25. Also available in regular shift length.

Formfit/Rogers, 530 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. A DIVISION OF GENESCO

Crescendoe

Couture

designs

to successorize

Fall

costumes.

You'll

love

the

difference.

Libero 3.50

Melisand 4.00

Electra 3.50

Luv 6.00

Nymph 5.00

LEATHER-TAILORED OF DOESKIN FABRIC FOR LONGER WEAR, INCOMPARABLE FIT.

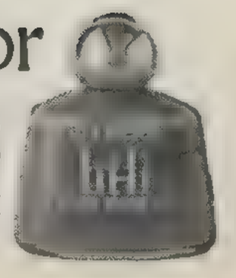


He thinks I'm a natural...

I know it's my Hi-Fi Make-up.
I love the feel of it,
the dewy, soft look of it,
the easy way it goes on.
He loves it too.
But he thinks it's all me.
So when he calls me
a born beauty I don't argue.
I just keep the Hi-Fi close by!

Hi-Fi® Fluid Make-up by Max Factor

Hi-Fi has 4 special moisturizers added. Comes in nine completely natural complexion shades that never streak or change color.





Nice girls do  *wear Chantilly*

PERFUME BOTTLED, SEALED AND IMPORTED FROM PARIS BY HOUBIGANT

*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric.



If heads turn when you cross the street, congratulate yourself.

It's rewarding when you know how to sparkle on a winter's day. All you need is a basic fur. (Mink will do nicely.) Then you add the dazzle. Sleek, shining shoes. Glistening, high-rising shoes. Shoes adorned with cutouts and bows. Add to the shining glory of these shoes the fact that they're soft, supple, lighter in weight. And they're easy care, just wipe and wear. Why? Because they're created of all-weather-resistant CORFAM*, the breathable new shoe upper material from Du Pont.

Mackey Starr bow-tie shoe of shining CORFAM®



DU PONT REG U S PAT OFF Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

This Mackey Starr shoe, about $20.00, at: Best & Co., New York; Lytton's, Chicago; The Fontius Shoe Co., Denver; Vogue Shoes of Houston, Houston; Mandel's Fine Footwear, Los Angeles.

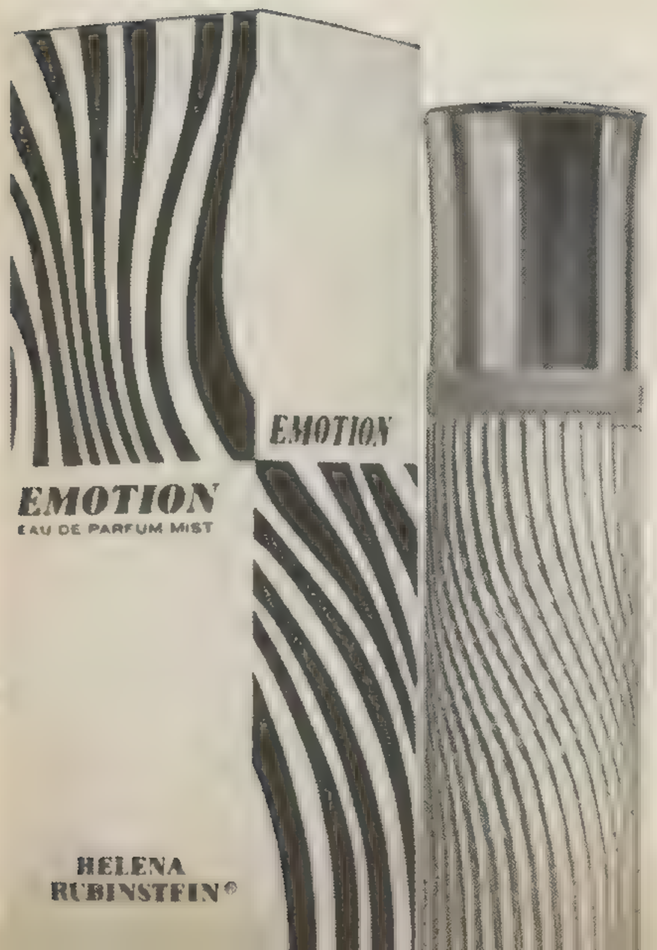
the
Sidekick:

VANITY FAIR

EMOTION

All she wants is a little Emotion

(a lot of it if she's daring!)



Emotion...
the new perfume
born in France...
translated in America
into Perfume Spray,
Eau de Parfum,
Eau de Parfum Mist,
Dusting Powder,
Perfume and Bath Oil.
Prices from
3.00 to 17.50.

Emotion™
by
Helena Rubinstein®

Available at fine cosmetic counters everywhere.



©1965, Helena Rubinstein, Inc.



Ever wear something and everybody says "Love it, love it, love it" or "It's you" or "You're a winner" or "Marvelous! Where'd you buy it?"

Well, *Talbott's like that.*

The perfect lace for any place in Talbott's zipperback pullover and matching skirt. Both in Taralan*, our exclusive full fashioned, machine washable and dryable 100% Orlon* acrylic.

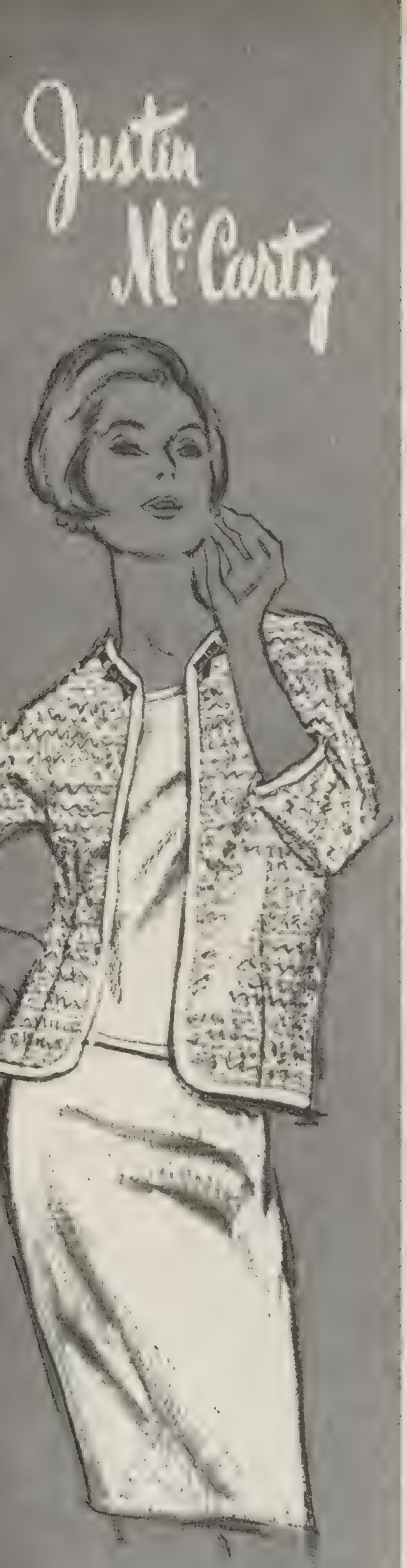
The sweater, 34 to 40, about $13.
Matching cardigan (not shown), 34 to 42, about $13.
The fully lined skirt, 8 to 18, about $11.
In a harmony of holiday colors.
Available at fine stores everywhere or write Talbott Knitting Mills, 1407 Broadway, New York.

*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK



KAYSER IS MARVELOUS IN BED

The clinging softness of the thirties makes a dramatic comeback in Kayser's smashing new jumpsuit pajama. Flowered lace is used lavishly on the entire ensemble. A velvet ribbon ties the little slip of a bed jacket. A shimmer of fabulous Satilene® nylon tricot puts unequalled softness next to your skin. In the sultriest colors, like shell pink, black or white. Sizes 32 to 36. $25. Another fine product of ®,Kayser-Roth, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016.



All aboard for the Caribbean . . . Merry Christmas to all! Our colorful three piece Justin McCarty suit will enjoy the Holidays everywhere. The feathery crocheted look wool cardigan mingles soft colors to contrast with the oyster white acetate knit overblouse and skirt. Velvet ribbon picks up the colors at the neckline. Pink and olive, or aqua and blue. Sizes 8 to 18. About $65.

BLACH'S

Birmingham • Mountain Brook

ALABAMA

The longest scarf

Three yards of striped geometrics



New smash and dash for the shortest dress—the longest scarf, black with staggered golden stripes. Three yards of scarf, to be exact . . . that's 108 inches to tie about 108 ways. Amusing tied twice around the neck, dropped straight to a knee-skimming hem . . . or tied in a middy bow. Marvellous sashing an at-home skirt of thin black wool . . . or swagged across one shoulder like a bandolier. As you like it. Scarf by Echo. Of acetate surah. About $7. Stern Brothers. Short snappy dress in ivory wide-wale cotton corduroy, about $65. By Edie Gladstone for Deebs. Bonwit Teller.

The entire collection
of Givenchy Cosmetics
is available at America's
leading fashion stores,
some of which
are listed below:

Albany, N.Y. .....Flah's
Atlanta, Ga.
Rich's, Downtown & Lenox Square
Bangor, Me. .....Cortell-Segal's
Beverly Hills, Calif. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Boston, Mass. .....Bonwit Teller
Boston, Mass. .. ..Filene's
Brooklyn, N.Y. .....Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill. .....Bonwit Teller
Chicago, Ill. .....Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio .....Gidding-Jenny
Cleveland, Ohio .....Bonwit Teller
Cleveland, Ohio..The Halle Brothers Co.
Dayton, Ohio .....Gidding-Jenney
Denver, Colo. ..... Neusteter's
Detroit, Mich. .....Himelhoch's
Hartford, Conn. .....G. Fox & Co.
Hempstead, L.I. .....Abraham & Straus
LasVegas, Nev. ..D. I. Distinctive Apparel
Los Angeles, Calif. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Madison, Wisc. .....The Perfume Shops
Manhasset, L.I. .....Abraham & Straus
Manhasset, L.I. .....Bonwit Teller
Memphis, Tenn.
The John Gerber Company
Minneapolis, Minn.
Young-Quinlan Rothschild
Muncie, Ind. .....Ball Stores
Nashville, Tenn. ..Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
New Orleans, La. .....Maison Blanche
New York, N.Y. .....Bloomingdale's
New York, N.Y. .....Bonwit Teller
New York, N.Y. .....Henri Bendel
New York, N.Y. .....Lord & Taylor
Oakbrook, Ill. .....Bonwit Teller
Philadelphia, Pa. .....Bonwit Teller
Portland, Oregon .....I. Magnin & Co.
Providence, R.I. ..The Shepard Company
Rochester, N.Y. .....B. Forman Co.
St. Louis, Mo. .....Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Diego, Calif. .....Hafters Haggarty
San Francisco, Calif. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Seattle, Wash. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Sherman Oaks, Calif. .....Bullock's
Short Hills, N.J. .....Bonwit Teller
Syracuse, N.Y. .. . . Helmer's
Tulsa, Okla. .....Field's
Washington, D.C.
Julius Garfinckel & Co.
White Plains, N.Y. .....Bonwit Teller



This is the new silhouette by Givenchy.

Dip into it and your lips turn scarlet. Or cerise. Or lush pink.
Or any new lipstick color in the Givenchy collection.
You hold this crystal clear egg
like a jewel in your hand to apply the color with a golden brush.
And because it's an original Givenchy,
it's an egg most at home nested in an evening bag
and perhaps even carried under the wing of a feather boa.
The lipstick egg $6, bamboo brush $5. Together $10.
From the Givenchy Collection of Cosmetics.

PRICES PLUS TAX

Shirley Jones, *star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS" says, "I have two weaknesses, travel and high fashion clothes. And when I find luggage that likes travel as much as I do and is as attractive as an accessory, that's a bonus. And it's why American Tourister Luggage is my choice, whatever my destination."*



AMERICAN TOURISTER STANDARD OF THE WORLD

WITH THESE EXCLUSIVE FEATURES . . .

- Supported cast vinyl coverings have superior resistance to scuffing, scratching and staining.
- Reinforced with fiberglass for extra protective strength and amazing lightness.
- Patented tongue in groove, stainless steel closures.
- Patented handle, with foam rubber cushion.
- Patented cam action locks, can't snap open.
- Luxurious floral brocade linings.
- Duette. Hardside garment carrier with hangers removable separately or as whole units.
- 7 colors, 24 styles for men, women. From $19.95*.

ONLY AMERICAN TOURISTER LUGGAGE IS FLIGHT-TESTED AND APPROVED BY AMERICAN AIRLINES

AMERICAN TOURISTER LUGGAGE

AMERICAN TOURISTER

*Slightly higher in the West. Also available in Canada. Write for the name of your nearest dealer. American Luggage Works, Inc., Warren 63, Rhode Island 02885



AMERICAN TOURISTER LUGGAGE

AMERICAN TOURISTER

American Tourister
Tiara series
Colors: blue, red, white
21 inch weekend case 29.95
24 inch pullman case 34.95
17 inch tote bag 22.95

Gimbels

NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
MILWAUKEE
and all branches

OUR YOUNG SOPHISTICATE ARRIVES AT HOLIDAY INN, MILWAUKEE, IN A SUIT OF VERSATILE REVERSIBILITY

This is the suit, she and you, really get fashion mileage from. Coat of great flare . . . with raglan sleeves and whip-up collar . . . over a side-buttoned skirt, both piped with leather look . . . and both completely reversible. Think of the variations! Matched to an Orlon® acrylic sweater. Wool double-faced fleece in camel or grey, reverses to white. By Gare. 4-16. **$125**

Holiday Inn®

"The Nation's Innkeeper" welcome to Holiday Inn now in over 500 cities

Photographed at Holiday Inns Milwaukee



AMERICAN TOURISTER LUGGAGE

AMERICAN TOURISTER

American Tourister
Tiara series
Colors: blue, red, white
21 inch weekend case 29.95
24 inch pullman case 34.95
17 inch tote bag 22.95

Gimbels

NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
MILWAUKEE
and all branches

GO FOR A SPIN ROUND YOUR HOLIDAY INN IN THESE SLICK AND SLEEK BELL BOTTOMS. NEWLY TUNIC'D.

The smashing look of the "get" set . . . stark white hipster belled pants accentuated with a black belt **$17**. . . . under a sleeveless white tunic jacket, black-stitched and collared in black vinyl. **$23.** Above and beneath, high-necked black Antron® nylon pant top. **$12.** Pants and jacket in Dacron® polyester and cotton, linen-y! By Stiletto. 8-14.

®Du Pont's registered trade mark for its polyester fiber

Holiday Inn®

Free advance reservations in the U.S., Canada, Bahamas, Puerto Rico via the HOLIDEX system

Photographed at Holiday Inns



AMERICAN TOURISTER LUGGAGE

AMERICAN TOURISTER

American Tourister
Tiara series
Colors: blue, red, white
21 inch weekend case 29.95
24 inch pullman case 34.95
17 inch tote bag 22.95

Gimbels

NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
MILWAUKEE
and all branches

SMART CHECKING IN AT HOLIDAY INN . . . WHERE OUR GIRLS ENJOY A WORLD OF COMPLETE PLEASURE

Wide-awake tattersall checks . . . but with what a difference in fashioning! Shifty on the right . . . Chanel-y on the left . . . but both in the same crisp fabric of linen, Arnel® triacetate and wool . . . banded in a solid-color. Blue with navy and avocado over-plaid, beige with bronze and orange. Shift **$25**, Jacket **$19**, Shell **$15**, Skirt **$13**. Sizes 8 to 16. By Beverly Paige.

Holiday Inn®

Use the Holiday Inn Directory for the finest in food, service, lodging wherever you go

Photographed at Holiday Inns Milwaukee



AMERICAN TOURISTER LUGGAGE

American Tourister

American Tourister
Tiara series
Colors: blue, red, white
21 inch weekend case 29.95
24 inch pullman case 34.95
17 inch tote bag 22.95

Gimbels

NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
MILWAUKEE
and all branches

IN A ROOM WITH A VIEW AT HOLIDAY INN . . . THE COCKTAIL DRESS SLANTS A LOOK AT THE SQUARE

Look what our girl has found in her American Tourister luggage. The most fabulous wool knit that ever went out after dark . . . with discotheque impact in back . . . low and square (not really) and flashed with rhinestones. It's the latest wrinkle . . . but it doesn't wrinkle ever. Pack and wear. By Ted Brown in white, or black. Sizes 8 to 16. **$40.**

Holiday Inn®

Holiday Inn . . . your host coast to coast. Reservation centers in principal cities

Photographed at Holiday Inns Milwaukee



AMERICAN TOURISTER LUGGAGE

AMERICAN TOURISTER

American Tourister
Tiara series
Colors: blue, red, white
21 inch weekend case 29.95
24 inch pullman case 34.95
17 inch tote bag 22.95

Gimbels

NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
MILWAUKEE
and all branches

HOLIDAY INN HARMONY . . . NEW KNIT COMBOS IN THE SEPARATES THAT COME OUT WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

This is the beautiful and bubbly that adds effervescence to your life . . . elegant in a fur blend sweater . . . yoke and sleeved with knitted chantilly pattern on nylon lace . . . pink, mimosa, or aqua. 34 to 40. **$19** . . . over a rayon and acetate crepe skirt, 10 to 16. **$13.** Or the soft look of mohair and wool belted tunic sweater in a multi colored block plaid, green/aqua/gold/pink/white. 34 to 40. **$19.** By Premier.

Holiday Inn®

Holiday Inn has complete facilities for receptions, weddings and special events.

Photographed at Holiday Inns



AMERICAN TOURISTER LUGGAGE

AMERICAN TOURISTER

American Tourister
Tiara series
Colors: blue, red, white
21 inch weekend case 29.95
24 inch pullman case 34.95
17 inch tote bag 22.95

Gimbels

NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
MILWAUKEE
and all branches

OFF AGAIN, IN THE FRINGE OF FASHION . . . TO THE NEXT HOLIDAY INN WHERE THE WELCOME MAT'S OUT

Our girls are dazzlers in sparkling metallic knits . . . touched at the neck of a two-piecer and at the hem of a belted skimmer with bouncy looped fringe. Taste like this is timeless as sophisticate and zingy know! After an evening of the frug these dresses will be as fresh as the fruggers themselves. By Cabot Kniting Mills, in white with silver or black with rainbow. 8 to 16. Two-piecer, **$55.** Skimmer, **$70.**

Holiday Inn®

There's a Holiday Inn for your every season's travel

Photographed at Holiday Inns



Undress a chic woman and what do you see?

The most arresting way yet to keep things on the up-and-up: Comeuppance™. It's the Perma-Lift pantie girdle with the master control panel. There's nothing quite like it. (There couldn't be–it's patented!) This front panel swoops down on the enemy from above, because it's fashioned right out of the waistband itself. Nips in the waist and lifts your tummy better than any other panel design can. Does it with a gentle hug that wipes away your diet sins by the dozen. Easy-going Lycra® spandex powernet coaxes you into line in all the trouble zones. No wonder so many interesting things start happening when you get your Comeuppance! White. Average leg pantie, 10.00. Long-leg pantie, 11.00. Girdle, 9.00.

Perma-Lift.
ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH



the sunny Geller

Down in the dumps? Slip into a shoe that shimmers and shines and see how quickly the sun comes out. The shimmer, "wet shark" pressed calf. The shine, gleaming patent. The shoe, in black with taupe, bone or white; or all black. Twenty seven dollars. Exclusively at Andrew Geller, 18 W 57 NYC, Chicago, Miami, San Francisco.

An Elegant Fragrance Makes Its U.S. Debut

By ANNE ANABLE

IT was only a question of time until modern chemistry would make its mark in the perfume industry, and it seems the moment is at hand. For 14 years a fragrance called Natif De France has been a quiet success in Europe and now Sutton Cosmetics are importing it for American women to try.

The fragrance claims two unique properties. It is said not to clash with other fragrances, and to last two to five times longer than any other perfume tested. The lasting properties are due to a modern chemical compound rather than the natural elements that give lasting qualities to other scents.

Further, it will not wash [illegible] or shower, according [illegible]'s general manager, who [illegible]long, who [illegible]rance

herbaceous lavendar, citrus oils and undertones of woody vetiver and patchouly as well as Madagascar spices.

Sutton Cosmetics is being presented with a Grande Gold Cup award by the Comite du Bon Gout Francais on Aug. 24 in the Paris Pavilion of the World's Fair. The Comtesse de Lafayette will make the presentation, awarded annually to companies, groups and personalities for "contributing to the national and international prestige of France."

Bonwit Teller is one of the N[illegible] stores that will c[illegible]scent, available in [illegible]ptember. Prices for [illegible]fume work down from [illegible] one-ounce size, [illegible]ounce spray [illegible] $4.50.

"Fragrance Filled The Air"

From My Notebook

by EDYTH THORNTON McLEOD

In France there is a committee, formed by the French Government (by law) to pay homage and to reward companies, groups and personalities "contributing to the national and international prestige of France."

At a delightful luncheon recently a beautiful perfume was introduced, and this perfume won an award from the "Comite du Bon [illegible]ut France.

[illegible]agrance [illegible]." The [illegible]exquisite. "Natif [illegible]rading [illegible] fragrance [illegible]utton [illegible]uti[illegible]ces. [illegible]rag[illegible]ge [illegible]le[illegible]re [illegible]ly

vetiver. (This was once used by the beauties of New Orleans to protect their handsomest gowns from the summer weather.)

The creators of "Natif De France" worked for 14 years to perfect their formula, and it is said to last as much as 5 times longer than other leading French perfumes.

Of course, the bottle is in keeping with the distinction of the fragrance. It is a gift for you to put on your "what I want for Christmas" list right now. It is NOT too early to write down what you want. But in the meantime, see this charming perfume; try it and wear it with the grace it imparts. Women are lovelier when they use perfume. It gives something to your personality, it enhances the day, and when people remember you they so often think of the lovely scent you wear.

The Boutique

by Helen Hennessy

Women's Editor

Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

* * *

The Count de Lafayette came to the United States with his beautiful wife, Catherine, to present an award to an American company (Sutton Cosmetics of Kenilworth, N. J.) at the Paris Pavilion at the World's Fair. This award from the Comite du Bon Gout France is given annually to companies, groups and personalities contributing to the national and international prestige of France. It was given this time for the introduction of Natif de France, a perfume cited for a technological breakthrough that has made it the longest lasting fragrance in French perfumes.

Although an American company won this award, the Count feels that American women don't have the faintest idea of how important perfume is.

He believes that the divorce rate here would be cut down considerably if the housewife made more use of fragrance and other cosmetics AT HOME.

"the finest fragrance ever created in France"

making beauty news - Natif de France - award-winning French perfume - arriving in America for Christmas - watch for it -

and make some beauty news of your own!

so very Dior



Miss Dior

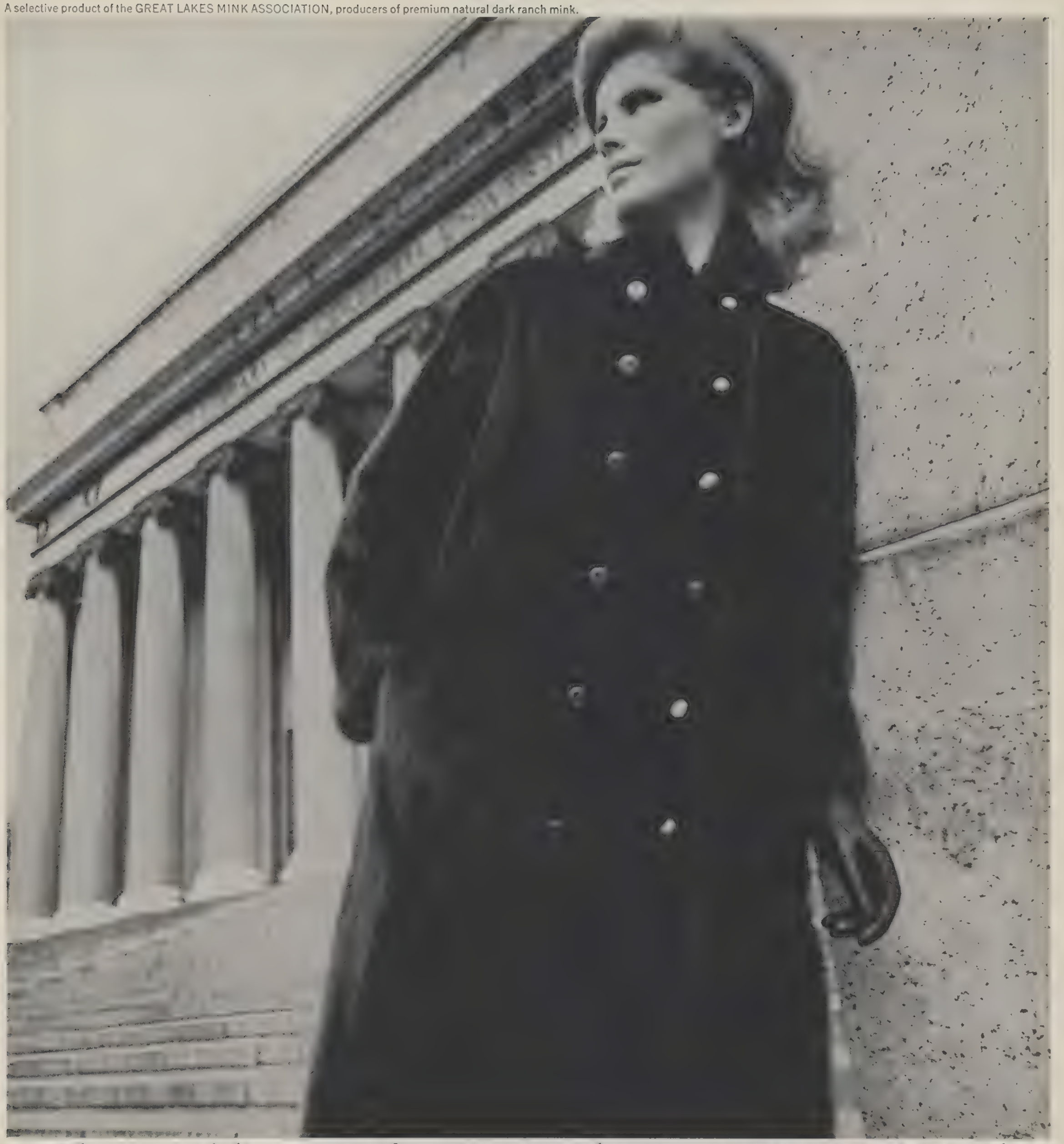
perfume by Christian Dior



At selected stores in the United States.
Created, bottled and packaged in France.

100.00 to 4.00

A selective product of the GREAT LAKES MINK ASSOCIATION, producers of premium natural dark ranch mink.



The world's most fascinating brunette: GLMA® Mink

NEW DIRECTION IN MINK

J. Weinig & son

333 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.
GOLDRING'S, NEW ORLEANS; HENRY'S, WICHITA
LEON FROHSIN, ATLANTA; FURS BY WEISS, CLEVELAND



Want him to be more of a man?
Try being more of a woman.



For the woman who knows.
EMERAUDE parfum de COTY

© COTY, 1965









Now for the gala season. And fashion to match.
Crepe for gala living and giving.

lead the Ship'n Shore® life!

100% Dacron® polyester crepe blouses, each $6. And so many more gift-worthy Ship'n Shores.

Two Paris originals that can't be copied



Écusson

Do you love la haute couture? You'll love the rich brocaded and embroidered bouquet of Écusson. The most elegant perfume of Paris. Frankly fashionable!

Casaque

Do you adore boutique fashions? You'll adore the exciting, igniting world of Casaque. Definitely the most disarming perfume of our time. Racy -romantic!

Parfums bottled, sealed, packaged in France. Importer Jean D'ALBRET® Div., 680 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019

"Long hair, soft curves, really beautiful."

"The girl's not bad either. She's got good taste in cigars, too."

"Haven't you noticed women who wear SAGA NORWEGIAN BLUE FOX are more fun?"

"Do you see what's standing in front of us?"

"Don't get excited, boys. You'll singe the canvas."

"Museums are too stuffy. I'm glad we're hanging around GEORGES KAPLAN."



PACCIONE

HE: Mmm. What's that you're wearing?

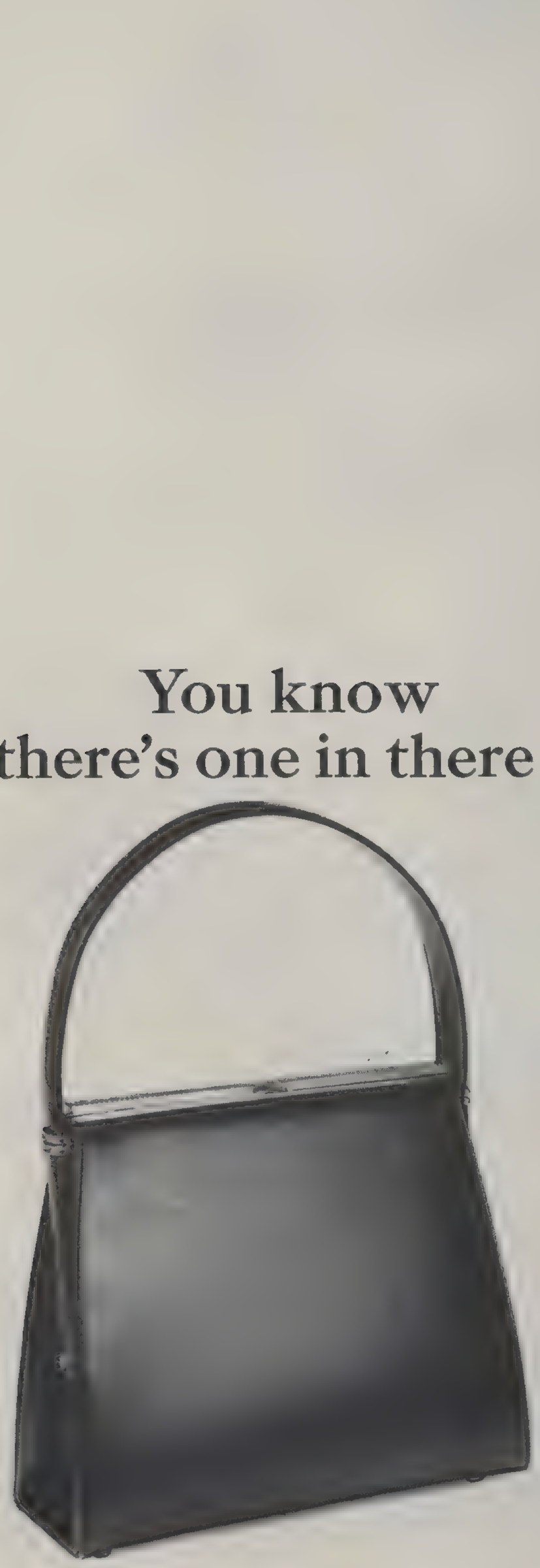
SHE: Bedtime Perfume.

HE: Don't miss a trick, do they?

SHE: You don't know the half of it.*

*The other half includes Bedtime FlutterLash and Bedtime Lipstick. By none other than Fabergé.
Now you can go to bed beautiful, wake up beautiful. Leave it to Fabergé.

You know there's one in there...





Of course, no lady would be caught without a handkerchief in her handbag. Select yours from our elegant collection of pure Irish Linens including initials and exquisite embroideries, hand-embroidered in Madeira; and delicate lace-borders. Spice them with your favorite perfume. The effect is perfect fashion. In white and pastels . . . about one dollar.

Lady Heritage

Robinson-Golluber, New York, N.Y. 10016

AVAILABLE AT THESE FINE STORES AND THEIR BRANCHES:

Akron, Ohio .....The M. O'Neil Co.
Akron, Ohio ..... Polsky's
Appleton, Wisc. .....H. C. Prange Co.
Ashtabula, Ohio .....Carlisle-Allen Co.
Atlanta, Ga. .....Davison's
Atlanta, Ga. .....Rich's
Auburn, N.Y.....Auburn Dry Goods Corp.
Baton Rouge, La. .....Goudchaux's
Billings, Mont. .....Hart-Albin Co.
Birmingham, Ala. .....Loveman's
Bloomington, Ind. .....The Wicks Co.
Boston, Mass. .....Conrad & Chandler
Bridgeport, Conn. ....D. M. Read, Inc.
Buffalo, N.Y. .....Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co., Inc.
Charleston, W. Va. .....The Diamond
Charlotte, N.C. .....Belk Bros. Co.
Chicago, Ill...Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio .....The Mabley & Carew Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio .....Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio .....Halle Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio .....Higbee Co.
Cleveland, Ohio .....May Co.
Columbia, S.C. .....Belk's Dept. Store
Columbia, S.C. .....James L. Tapp Co.
Columbus, Ohio .....Lazarus
Dallas, Texas .....Sanger Harris
Dallas, Texas ....Titche-Goettinger Co.
Dayton, Ohio .....Rike-Kumler Co.
Dedham, Mass. .....Geishecker's
Denver, Colo. ....Denver Dry Goods Co.
Des Moines, Iowa ....Younker Bros. Inc.
Erie, Pa. .....Boston Store
Erie, Pa. .....Halle's
Erie, Pa. .....Trask's
Findlay, Ohio .....Patterson's
Florence, Ala. .....Rogers
Fresno, Calif. ..... E. Gottschalk & Co.
Green Bay, Wisc. .....H. C. Prange Co.
Hartford, Conn. .....G. Fox & Co.
Houston, Texas .....Foley Bros.
Indianapolis, Ind. ....Wm. H. Block Co.
Jackson, Mass. ....R. E. Kennington Co.
Jackson, Miss. .....McRae's
Jamaica, N.Y. .....B. Gertz Inc.
Joliet, Ill. ..Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Kingsport, Tenn. .....J. Fred Johnson
Lakewood, Ohio .....Neville's Inc.
Lawrence, Mass. ..A. B. Sutherland Co.
Los Angeles, Calif...J. W. Robinson Co.
Louisville, Ky. .....Kaufmann's
Madison, Wisc...H. S. Manchester, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn. ....The John Gerber Co.
Memphis, Tenn. .....Lowenstein's
Miami, Fla. .....Jordan Marsh-Florida
Milwaukee, Wisc.....T. A. Chapman Co.
Minneapolis, Minn. .....Dayton's
Nashville, Tenn. .....Cain-Sloan
New Bedford, Mass. .....New Bedford Dry Goods Co.
New Britain, Conn. .....Davidson & Levanthal, Inc.
New Haven, Conn...The Edw. Malley Co.
New Orleans, La. .....Krauss Co.
New Orleans, La. .....Maison Blanche
New Orleans, La. ..Gus Mayer Co., Ltd.
New York, N.Y. .....B. Altman & Co.
New York, N.Y. .....Bloomingdale's
Newport News, Va. .....Nachman's
Oakland, Calif. .....Capwell's
Oakland, Calif. .....Rhodes
Peoria, Ill. ..Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa. .....Lit Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa. .....John Wanamaker
Pittsfield, Mass. .....England's
Portland, Me. .....Porteous, Mitchell & Braun Co.
Portland, Ore. .....Meier & Frank
Poughkeepsie, N.Y. ....The Wallace Co.
Providence, R.I. .....The Shephard Co.
Raleigh, N.C. .....Boylan-Pearce, Inc.
Raleigh, N.C. .....Hudson-Belk Co.
Richmond, Va. .....Miller & Rhoads
Rochester, N.Y.....E. W. Edward & Co.
Rochester, N.Y. ....McCurdy & Co., Inc.
Sacramento, Calif. .....Rhodes
San Antonio, Texas .....Joske Bros. Co.
San Bernardino, Calif.....The Harris Co.
San Francisco, Calif. .....City of Paris
Schenectady, N.Y. .....The Carl Co.
Sheboygan, Wisc. .....H. C. Prange Co.
Spokane, Wash. .....The Crescent
Springfield, Mass. .....Forbes & Wallace Co.
Springfield, Ohio .....Edw. Wrenn Store
St. Louis, Mo. .....Famous-Barr Co.
St. Louis, Mo. .....Stix, Baer & Fuller
Sunbury, Pa. ....Bowman's Dept. Store
Syracuse, N.Y. .....Flah & Co.
Tampa, Fla. .....Maas Bros., Inc.
Toledo, Ohio .....Lamson's
Toledo, Ohio .....LaSalle's
Waltham, Mass. .....Grover Cronin
Washington, D.C. ....S. Kann Sons Co.
Waterville, Me. ....Stern's Dept. Store
Wheeling, W. Va. ....L. S. Good & Co.
Wheeling, W. Va. .....Stone & Thomas
Williamsport, Pa. ..L.L. Stearns & Co.
Worcester, Mass. .....Denholm & McKay Co.
York, Pa. .....Charles H. Bear & Co., Inc.
Youngstown, Ohio .....McKelvey Co.



As Gernreich himself puts it, "A woman is beautiful when she looks like what she is. A woman. In the same way, a Rolex is beautiful because it looks like what it is. A watch. Rolex also happens to be one of the most accurate watches in the world. I know, because I wear one myself."

Thank you, Rudi Gernreich.

Shown above, the Rolex Oyster Perpetual Ladydate, with 18 kt. gold case and 14 kt. bracelet, 26-jewel chronometer movement, shock absorbing, waterproof*, automatic, date magnified by Cyclops crystal, $445. Other Rolex Watches for women from $93.50. For an illustrated brochure, write to American Rolex Watch Corp., 580 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10036

*when case, crown and crystal are intact.

ROLEX

We bottled it.

ma griffe by carven - parfums.



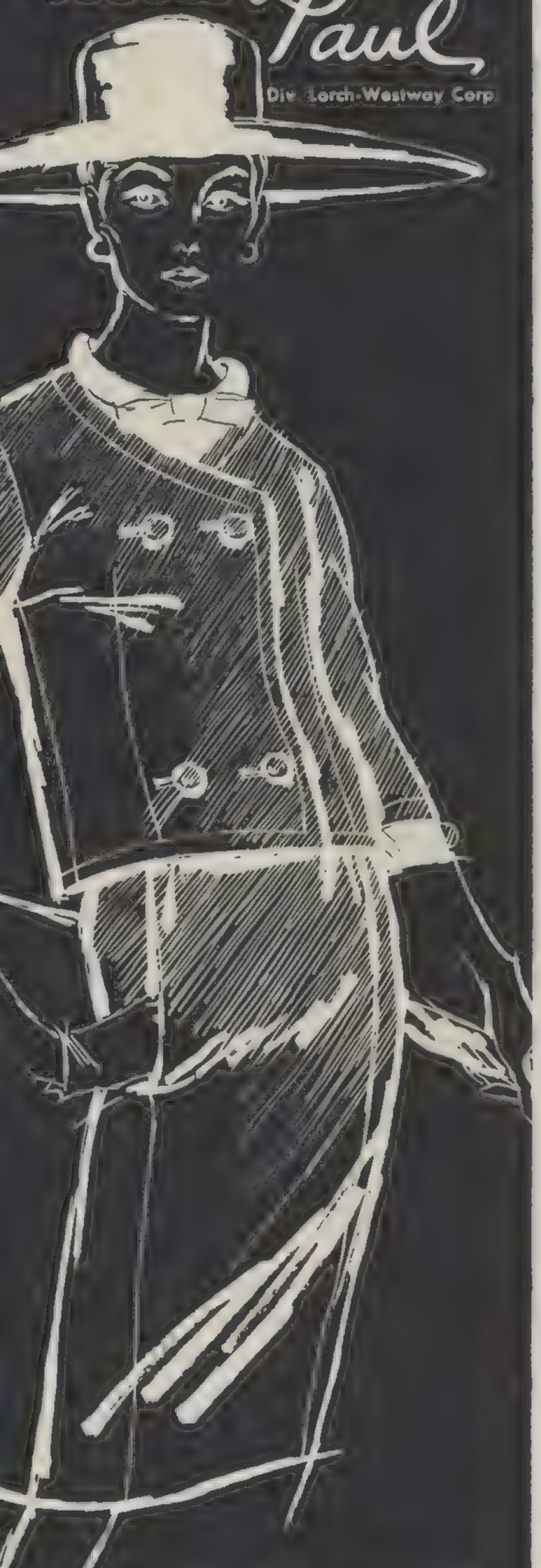
DESIGNER TOUCH

Another success story from the drawing board of Jody Van-Amburgh . . . this impact silhouette design of black touched with stark white . . . in indisputable-elegant Apertif . . . sizes 6-16

Around $50.00

Lester Paul

Div. Lorch-Westway Corp.



VANDERVOORT'S
St. Louis

SANDRA POST
Southern Florida, all stores

FREDERICK & NELSON
Seattle

The Private I

Dressing gown in star-white matelassé



Starlight in the life of the Private I—a dressing gown of gleaming white matelassé, curved lightly against the body . . . little matelassé-clad globes buttoning up the front. Wrapped up in its future perhaps, a blowy nightdress of transparent coral chiffon. By Perfect Negligée, of rayon, cotton, and silk (Couleur fabric). About $150. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Coiffure: Raymond, Aurélien Lintermans.

Where to see Lady Hathaway's Wild Butterfly

Lord & Taylor (all stores)
Abercrombie & Fitch (all stores)
I. Magnin (all stores)
Montaldos (all stores)

ARKANSAS
Hot Springs.....Arlington Gown Shop
CALIFORNIA
Orinda .....Phair's
El Cajon .....Marsis
Newport .....Bidwell
COLORADO
Denver .....May D. & F.
Denver .....Neusteters
CONNECTICUT
New Canaan and Stamford .....Bob's Sports
New Haven .....Edward Malley Co.
Westport .....Separate Shop of Pack Roads
West Hartford .....William F. Powers
FLORIDA
Pompano Beach .....The Clothes Tree
Ponte Vedra .....The Inn Shop
Coral Gables .....Don Mullen
Miami and Ft. Lauderdale .....Jordan Marsh
Delray Beach .....Del Hurd
Tequesta .....Red Hen
Maas Bros. of Florida
GEORGIA
Atlanta .....Rich's
Sea Island .....The Fireside Cottage
IDAHO
Boise .....The Bon Marche
ILLINOIS
Chicago .....Blum's Vogue
INDIANA
Indianapolis.....L. S. Ayres
IOWA
Des Moines .....Younker Bros.—French Room
KENTUCKY
Louisville/Lexington .....
The Stewart Dry Goods Co.
LOUISIANA
New Orleans .....Gus Mayer
Baton Rouge .....Gus Mayer
MAINE
Waterville .....Dunham's of Maine
MARYLAND
Baltimore .....Hutzler's
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston .....R. H. Stearn's
Boston .....Jordan Marsh
Concord.....The Country Store
Worcester .....Pinocchio's
MICHIGAN
Birmingham .....The Sportsman
MINNESOTA
Minneapolis .....Dayton's Oval Room
Minneapolis .....Harold's
St. Paul .....Frank Murphy
MISSOURI
St. Louis .....Famous-Barr
St. Louis .....Boyd's
St. Louis .....Leppert-Roos
MONTANA
Billings .....Spinning Wheel
NEBRASKA
Lincoln .....Hovland-Swanson
Omaha .....Topp's
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Manchester .....Jim's Oxford Shop
NEW YORK
Syracuse .....The Addis Co.
NORTH CAROLINA
Chapel Hill .....Milton's Clothing Cupboard
OHIO
Cleveland .....The Halle Bros. Co.
Cincinnati .....H. & S. Pogue
Dayton .....The Hill Top House
OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City .....Van Cleef's
Tulsa .....Miss Jacksons
PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia .....Strawbridge & Clothier
Philadelphia .....John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh .....Joseph Horne
Pittsburgh .....Kaufmann's
SOUTH CAROLINA
Greenville.....Halfacre & Osborne
TEXAS
Houston .....Sakowitz
Austin .....Ivey Wade
San Antonio.....Frost Bros.
UTAH
Salt Lake City .....Makoff's
VERMONT
South Burlington .....Rae's Suburban
VIRGINIA
Charlottesville.....Hazel Eastham Inc.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
..... Julius Garfinckel
WISCONSIN
Madison .....Simpson's
Milwaukee .....Bermuda Shop



Wild Butterfly is imported exclusively by Lady Hathaway. Shirt, $40.00—Matching scarf, $6.50—Slacks, $23.00.

Lady Hathaway imports a wildly extravagant new print from Liberty of London

"NAMBY-PAMBY clothes often betray a namby-pamby character," declares Lady Hathaway. "Women with *spirit* demand the same spirit in their clothes."

All of which explains our heroine's predilection for Wild Butterfly—the wildly extravagant new shirt you see above.

Lady Hathaway imports this uncopiable new print from Liberty of London, where it is *hand-printed* on sheer wool challis—devilishly expensive stuff. (Hence the reason for Wild Butterfly's price.)

Another reason: Lady Hathaway's persnickety tailors. These fussy fellows ensure that stitches are all but invisible. That seams are sewn to be flat *and* neat. And that hems are *blind-sewn* to avoid puckering. Naturally enough, this takes a little longer, costs a little more.

Now note the *cut* of the shirt. The classic overshirt styling. The squared-off cuffs. And the creamy silk-surah scarf that matches the print of the shirt *exactly*.

What's more, even those man-tailored silk-linen slacks are from Lady Hathaway—a delicious touch of color coordination.

For store names, see column opposite. Lady Hathaway, 1407 Broadway, New York, New York 10018. ***A fashion division of The Warner Brothers Company.***



recollection® quilt... a feminine robe delightful

for lounging by day or night. Enhanced by two rows of interlacing ribbon beneath Venice-type lace.

Pink, blue, yellow in petite, small, medium and large. Grace-at-Ease $17.00*.

Gloria . . . completely coordinated waltz gown, not shown. $7.00. Both at fine stores.

carefree leisurewear by Barbizon

Recollection® Quilt...surface 42% rayon,
33% nylon, 25% Dacron® polyester. Lining 65% acetate,
35% rayon. Filler 100% Kodel® polyester.

*slightly higher in western areas





Mitsouko by Guerlain

Doux comme un baiser

Så blød som et kys

רכה כנשיקה

Weich wie ein küss

Τὸσο τρυφερὸ ὅσο τὸ φιλὶ

Suave como un beso

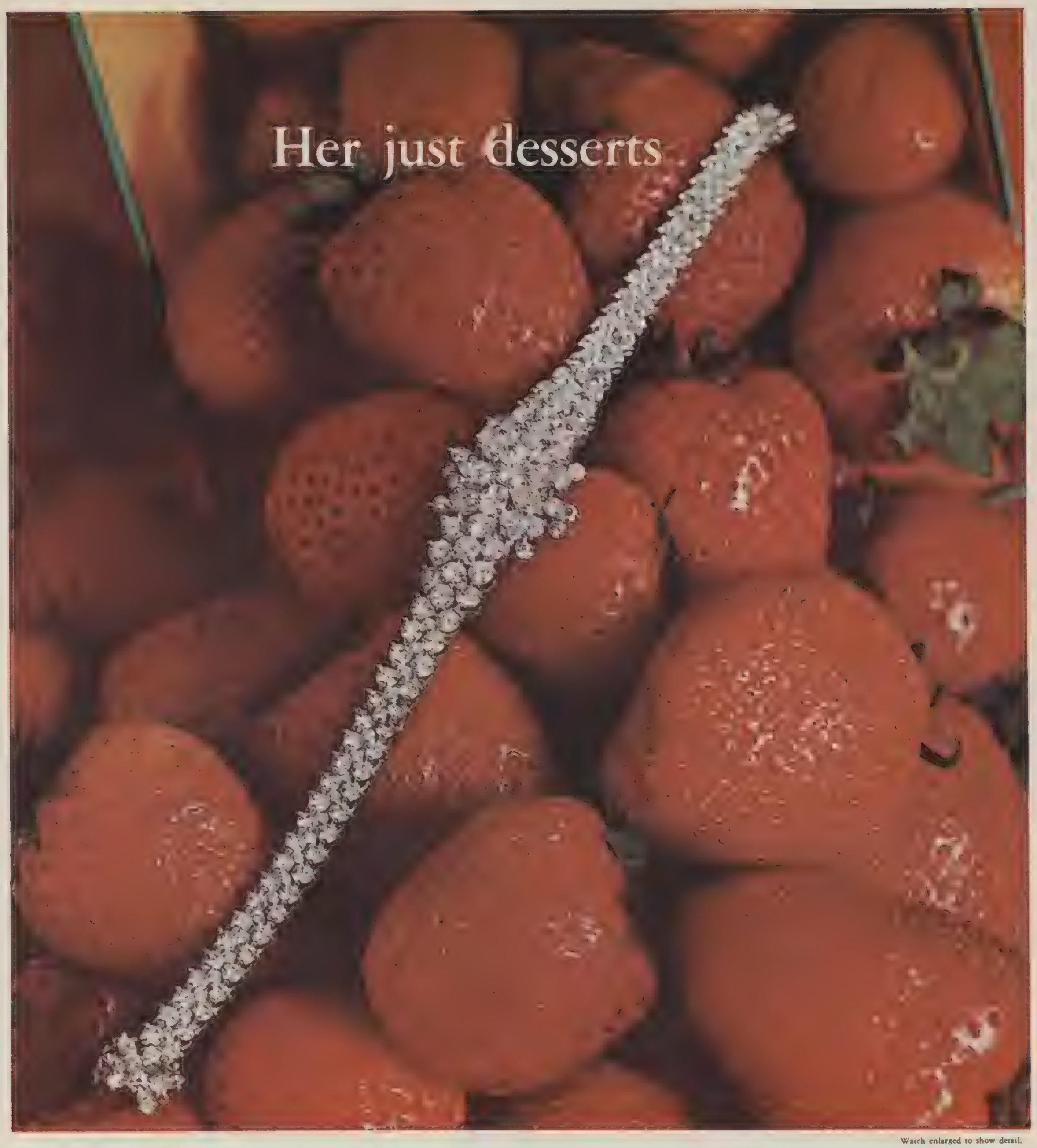
Dolce come un bacio

口接のようにやわらかく



SOFT AS A KISS... INVER HOUSE

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY EIGHTY PROOF IMPORTED BY INVER HOUSE DISTILLERS, LTD., PHILA



Watch enlarged to show detail.

What's better than whipped cream on strawberries? It's this new idea in low-cal topping. Discover a precision watch, tucked under a mantle of cascading diamonds in platinum. Six thousand, five hundred dollars. She deserves it.

Bailey Banks & Biddle
Philadelphia

Also in Pittsburgh.
For our new Christmas catalogue write Chestnut and 16th Street, Philadelphia.

Kodel®

the vital fiber *for smoothness that lasts*



Lace foam crowns this gown and peignoir made with stay-fresh Kodel. A charming gift idea! Springmaid batiste of Kodel polyester and cotton. Blue, pink or christening-look white. Gown, 30-36, made to sell for about $13. Peignoir, P-S-M-L, about $25. (Both slightly higher in the West.) By **EVE STILLMAN.** At fine stores including: Bonwit Teller, New York and all stores; Jacobson's, Michigan; Gus Mayer, all stores; Sakowitz, Houston; I. Magnin, West Coast.

COUNT ON KODEL...MEMBER OF THE EASTMAN KODAK FAMILY

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10016. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or lingerie.

All that shows is your youth!



Foundation genius: adds beauty, subtracts years. A light blush of color—color that's the perfect echo of your own—whispers across your face to make your skin look fresh and young. There is no other foundation like it. No other foundation that reveals as it conceals—reveals your natural loveliness, conceals the cares and trials of all your yesterdays. No other foundation that makes you look younger tomorrow than today. **Powers Translucent Color Base.**

SOLD ONLY AT FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALITY STORES. JOHN ROBERT POWERS COSMETICS © 1965.



VOGUE'S 25th PRIX DE PARIS

Prix de Paris enrollees who have submitted their answers to the First Quiz are eligible to continue in the competition by completing the Second Quiz printed here.

SECOND QUIZ

Please answer all four questions.

Write a profile of yourself. *(600 words or less)*

What woman in public life today do you think has great personal style? Explain why you approve of her way of dressing, and what makes it individual. *(300 words or less)*

How would you define fashion? Which costume in this issue best illustrates your definition? Which costume do you like least, and why? *(250 words or less)*

If you win First Prize in the Prix de Paris, how do you envision your year at Vogue as a Junior Editor? What do you hope the job will involve? *(250 words or less)*

Answers to the Second Quiz are due on January 10, 1966, and should be mailed to:
Prix de Paris Director • Vogue • 420 Lexington Avenue • New York, New York 10017

Come close...touch the luxury of Cannon



The embroidered look, delightfully dainty and irresistibly fresh . . . this is Cannon's new Cotillion sheet. In whisper-smooth Combspun® percale, the dove-soft pastels with delicate woven flower borders. All-cotton, in four colors. Twin, flat or Flex-O-Matic® fitted, about $4. At fine department stores. (See, too, Cannon Royal Family towels and bedspreads.) Cannon Mills, Inc., N. Y. 10020

CANNON® *Royal Family of Home Fashions*

AT ST. TROPEZ THE LOOK IS C'BON



Left: Irish eyes are smiling in C'Bon Magnifique
Below, Left: There's nothing like a Dane in C'Bon Verve
Below, Right: French boy in C'Bon Camelot goes for American girl in C'Bon Grenadier
Center, Left: A Roman holiday is more fun with C'Bon Illusion
Center, Right: Jet set choice for wear anywhere, C'Bon Intrigue













Above: For the all-American he-man, C'Bon Grenadier
Left: International traveler's choice, C'Bon Coquette

C'BON† POLAROID® SUN GLASSES

'Round the world, 'round the clock, all year 'round, suddenly the look is C'Bon. C'Bon, the chic-est thing in eye fashion from St. Tropez to San Francisco. But C'Bon doesn't stop with fashion. C'Bon comforts your eyes with Polaroid lenses — and only polarized lenses stop reflected glare. All this will cost you a little more, of course, but you'll be glad to pay the difference when you see the difference. See C'Bon in seven avant styles at better stores, $10.00 to $20.00. C'Bon, Inc., 1 Continental Road, Boston, Mass. 02150.

† trademark of C'Bon, Inc. ® by Polaroid Corp.

DON'T SAY SUN GLASSES—SAY C'BON!

Think Pretty...Seamprufe Does



Not shown: matching slip, petticoat, shift, waltz gown, pajama, short peignoir set.

Regal is as Seamprufe does . . . in Seamprufe's "Royale" ensemble of exquisite double layered Burlington quality tricot of Chemstrand Blue "C"® nylon regally decorated with luxurious, sculptured lace and delicate embroidery. In White, Blush Nude with Ecru Lace, Flamingo. Sizes 32 to 38, Long Gown, $13.00. Peignoir set, $35.00

AT STERN BROS., NEW YORK • L. S. AYRES, INDIANAPOLIS
THE MAY CO., CLEVELAND • MAY-D & F STORE, DENVER
MACY'S CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO • KORRICK'S, PHOENIX
THE MAY CO., LOS ANGELES, AND OTHER FINE STORES

Seamprufe

Seamprufe Incorporated | 412 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10018

NYLON C CHEMSTRAND

VOGUE

The Exceptional Christmas Present

GIVE BEAUTIFULLY

GIVE LAVISHLY

GIVE VOGUE

Use the convenient order card attached.

TRAVEL

By Despina Messinesi

Helsinki: ice-blue and sun-white, with Arabia on its outskirts

Helsinki is as blue and white as the Finnish flag. . . . In winter, the harbour is a stretch of white, streaked with blue where ice-breakers have opened shipping lanes. . . . In summer, the harbour turns into a brilliant blue canvas spotted with white gulls and sailboats. . . . All year, Helsinki's air feels Alpine. . . . Finns discuss architects, designers, craftsmen as fervently as we discuss politics during election year. . . . They drink small doses of coffee in quantity. . . . An amusing, lively place from eleven-thirty to two in the afternoon is Rautatalo on Keskuskatu 3, in the middle of town. Pretty Finnish models come to its second-floor coffee bar; others come mainly for the delight of watching the girls. Broad marble stairs lead to the coffee bar in the centre of an atrium with plants, a fountain, and a perimeter of small, smart boutiques —among them, a Marimekko shop. (For Marimekko designs made especially for Vogue turn to page 140.) Here, too, Maire Kollman, one of Helsinki's best hairdressers, has her salon (telephone number: 632180). A rule of thumb in Finland: all women hairdressers, mainly women dentists. . . . When Arabia, Helsinki's celebrated ceramic and china factory, opened over ninety years ago, it seemed so far away in the country that streets around it were named after distant lands: India, Congo, Damascus. Beneath the name Arabia, imprinted on the bottom of many stunning pieces, the artist-designers add their names or initials. A lipstick-red spot with a small white "i" identifies the designs from the famous glass factory Karhula-iittala.

Although built as recently as 1952 for the Olympic Games, the Palace Hotel is warm, ornate, and looks rather like the Plaza Hotel in New York. Its windows frame views of Helsinki's harbour, Baltic liners, the dome of the Russian Orthodox Church. The Grill fills up with attractive women, government officials, and theatre people. *Note:* Excellent saunas on the eleventh floor and a terrace for bathers in summer. . . . The new Hotel Marski works both as a hotel and office building. No curves in the hotel lobby on the ground floor—everything is stark, dark woods, dim lights; chairs are enormous black egg-shapes that spin. In the basement, the M Club and Helsinki's private club is the best night spot. Time to go: after eleven; time to move out: after three in the morning. There are no qualms here about rubbernecking. Seated on their big egg-chairs, members swivel around to see who's there. . . . On the eighth floor of another office building, the Savoy restaurant, designed in 1937 by Finland's great architect, Alvar Aalto, has delicious food, excellent service. . . . Bowls flaming outside private houses mean that a party is going on inside. . . .

HOW TO GO: Among the advantages of flying SAS (short for Scandinavian Airlines System) are its especially convenient flight schedules. Planes leaving from New York for Copenhagen, for instance, take off *every* evening at seven-thirty. Orange juice is served while the plane taxis; then comes dinner, as soon as the plane reaches cruising level. By nine-thirty lights are dimmed, passengers settle down for the night. Five hours later they awaken to coffee and a pink sunrise followed by the first view of Copenhagen's green spires. At nine in the morning, Danish time, those travellers going to Helsinki move on swiftly to Finnair for the nine-thirty flight to Finland. Landing at Helsinki ninety minutes later, but noon by Finnish time, some wise travellers begin their Nordic visit with a marvellous sauna, as refreshing as ten hours' sleep.

A Latin touch for your lover

Classic Cologne is formulated in
Italy, where they understand what
appeals to men.
We put Classic Cologne
in a spray container, packaged
it in red and gold for the holidays.
Use Christmas as an
excuse to drop it in his stocking.
He'll think you did it for him,
but Elizabeth Arden really
did it for you. $6.00.

arden for men
1 East 54 Street, New York





L'Honneur d'une HUGUENIN®

It takes a person of rare assurance to wear a Huguenin watch. These exceptional continental designs are so deliberately distinctive—so intentionally unusual — they demand a special stature in the wearer. Call it an affinity for achievement, an ease in the presence of excellence, a Huguenin reflects it as no other watch can. Famed in Swiss chronology since 1857, now available at selected American jewelers. In 18K Gold.

Ask your jeweler for the color portfolio showing the complete Huguenin collection. Or write A. Huguenin Fils, 901 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Men's Models from $125
Ladies Styles to $6,000



From our nest of gems . . . 18K yellow gold bird brooch that flew into our aviary. We were so impressed with her gorgeous blue and green enamelled feathers, her cabochon ruby eye and her diamond eyelid, we agreed to keep her for $240

the Class Menagerie



For those ocean lovers who desire the sea lion's share . . . 18K yellow gold and platinum seal brooch. This beautiful creature has a cabochon ruby eye, a sparkling diamond belly and travels in real style — she swims on diamond flippers! . . . $800

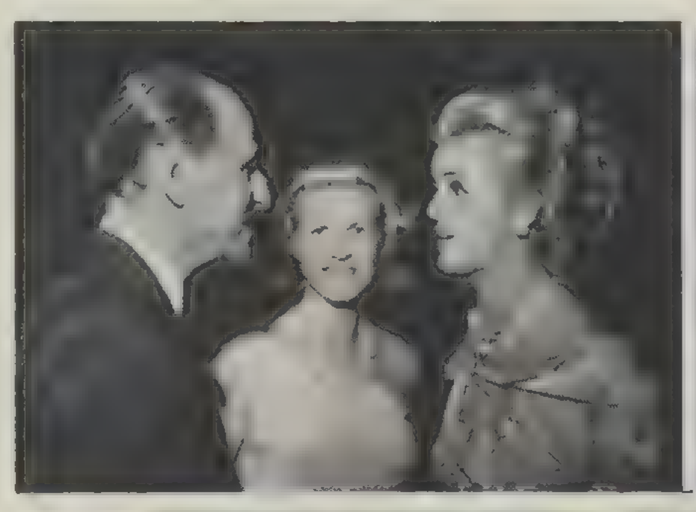
Mail Inquiries Invited, Postage Prepaid.

LEWKOWITZ
Family Owned Since 1888
430 Madison Avenue at 49 Street, New York 10017

VOGUE'S

Fast start for the New York season— Princess d'Arenberg's El Morocco gala

Like a school of comets, these international dazzlers go everywhere, do everything, dress marvellously, dance furiously, flash into town for *the* party. This night the city was New York; the place, El Morocco; the hostess, Princess Charles d'Arenberg, back from Paris for a brief visit. The look: bareness—one-shoulder or strapless dresses, many with feathers flying . . . long, voyant earings . . . women in postiches—postiche productions—and some with their hair combed small and quite straight. For cocktails, the party took over the nightclub's Garrison discothèque, a *turquerie* of low banquettes and low lights, moved on for dinner into the big room with the familiar zebra stripes. As for dancing: live sambas, mambos, waltzes, and foxtrots. "The dancers' dances," said one guest who gave all the girls a whirl: "Tonight Jerking in a Balenciaga is out."



1



2



3



4



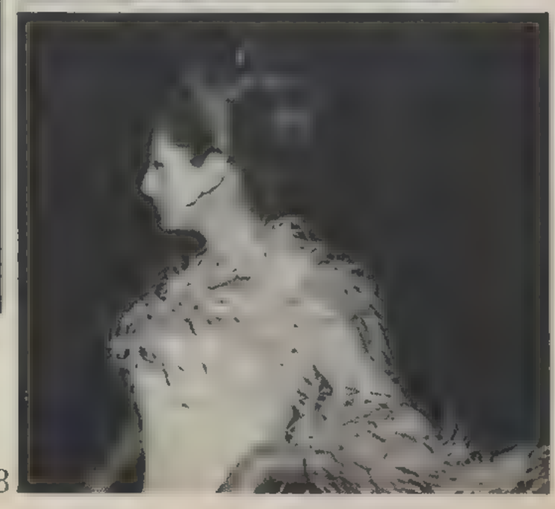
5



6



7



8

NOTEBOOK

1. Colonel Serge Obolensky; Princess Charles d'Arenberg; Lady Sarah Russell. 2. Mrs. Demetri Marchessini. 3. Mrs. Howard Cushing, Jr.; Mr. Henry B. Platt. 4. Signor Paolo Fresco; Mrs. Manly Farr. 5. Mrs. Earl E. T. Smith; Mr. George Plimpton. 6. Mrs. Thomas Schippers. 7. Baroness Gottfried von Meyern-Hohenberg; Mrs. Montague Hackett, Jr. 8. Baroness Fiona Thyssen-Bornemisza. 9. Prince Alfred Auersperg; Miss Hélène Fagan; Mr. David Naylor Leyland. 10. Princess Ira Fürstenberg; Mr. Neil McConnell. 11. Mrs. Frederick A. Melhado; Mr. Thomas Schippers; Mrs. Frederick A. Cushing. 12. Marquesa di Belvis. 13. Mr. and Mrs. Center Hitchcock. 14. Mr. Lewis H. Lapham, II; Principessa Luciana Pignatelli.



9



10



11



12



13



14

The blouse gone elegantly Edwardian. Lacy and ruffled and blended of marvelous Kodel® polyester and cotton. In sizes 28 to 38. About $6. A little more in the West.



Macshore Classics. Now, that's how a girl is supposed to look.



Ringing Christmas Bells... "Golden Elegance" by Dr. Payot

Say "Merry Christmas" the Parisian way, with this delightful new gift idea from a famous French cosmetician, Dr. Payot. A dainty little filigree lipstick-box in antique gold finish is filled with Dr. Payot's creamy chic lipstick in Antheor Pink or Tout Rouge, topped with a huge cabochon stone. The handsome matching compact holds translucent pressed powder to give a beautiful finish to any shade of makeup.

Complete with brush, $10.00

At all Lord and Taylor stores

VOGUE'S

A one-of-a-kind débutante party in a San Francisco museum

Baroque art lined the walls, the Big Beat took the floor when the first dancing party swung into the San Francisco museum known as the California Palace of the Legion of Honor. There, Mrs. Alexander P. Albert, standing under a glowing Boldini portrait of her mother, presented her débutante daughter, Miss Clare Albert, to guests who moved on into Gallery Six (Dutch, Italian, and French seventeenth century) for dancing, and then to Gallery Five (eighteenth-century French) for a Chinese supper. Partly because Mrs. Albert is one of the most admired figures in San Francisco art and music, this criss-



1



2



3

NOTEBOOK

cross of styles and centuries, right up to pretty girls dancing—hair flying, shoeless—made glorious, one-of-a-kind sense.

1. Mrs. Alexander P. Albert and Miss Clare Albert with Mr. David Pleydell-Bouverie under the Boldini portrait of the late Mrs. C. Tobin Clark—the débutante's grandmother. 2. Miss Ann F. Sullivan with Mr. John M. Fuller, junior. 3. Prince and Princess Vasili Romanov. 4. The young in full swing. 5. Mr. Christian de Guigne, IV, with Miss Angela von Morgen. 6. Mr. William S. Boyd dancing with Miss Ann McKeever. 7. Miss Mielle Vietor, Mr. Robert F. Holden, III.



4



5



6



7



A woman's
most important accessory...
her escort.

His Manor Coat by Lord West...the perfect vis-a-vis for your culottes. A patterned coat of sumptuous silk and worsted elegantly attuned to today's relaxed entertaining at home. Ninety-five dollars at fine stores. Lord West, 101 West 21st St., N.Y.C....makers of distinguished formal attire for gentlemen.

Lord West

L'ALLIGATOR!



Right out of John Romain's Paris workshop—their premier collection of exquisite French Alligator Handbags. Envelopes, frames, satchels and evening styles, accented by gold plated or marquisette clasps. From $100 to $350 at leading stores.

John Romain

John Romain, Inc., 35-15 37th Ave., L.I.C., N.Y. 11101 Handcrafted Bags • Shoes • Accessories



VOGUE'S

Fizzy 6978th concert of the New York Philharmonic

The evening spun from the start when Leonard Bernstein lifted his baton and swung the orchestra into Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." After listening to thirteen choreographic scores— from R. Strauss's "Seven Veils" to J. Strauss's "Artist's Life"— the audience all but danced out to the Grand Promenade party celebrating Leonard Bernstein's return to his podium. Beneath Lippold's skyborne sculptures, "Orpheus" and "Apollo," pale votive lights glimmered on round tables. In a flash, the dancing piste filled with a blur of figures waltzing against glass-sheeted walls which framed New York, glowing like the lighted Himalayas.



1



2



3



4



5

NOTEBOOK

The evening benefitted the Orchestra's Pension Fund—but everyone benefitted from this exhilarating evening.
1. Mr. Leonard Bernstein and Mrs. Amyas Ames. 2. Mrs. Burton Bernstein and Mr. Herbert Sargent. 3. The Grand Promenade after-concert party. 4. Mrs. Leonard Bernstein. 5. Mrs. Samuel P. Peabody. 6. Lord Caradon, British Ambassador to the United Nations, with Lady Caradon. 7. Mr. and Mrs. John T. Lawrence. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Liagre, junior. 9. Mr. and Mrs. George Washburn. 10. Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and Mr. Hoyt Ammidon.



6



7



8



9



10

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST ©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965. MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



386

Dream

Soft pale wool, lighted with lace and tucking.
About thirty dollars at good stores and college shops.

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

Shocking de Schiaparelli

Fascinating fragrance signature of exciting femininity ... always memorable for its romantic impact and great beauty.

Shocking Perfume, imported from Paris, in enchanting "Dressmaker" Bottles and classic crystal flacons, 12.50 to 32.50. At fine stores everywhere.

Shocking Perfume is made, packaged and sealed in France.

PARFUMS SCHIAPARELLI • NEW YORK • PARIS

Léron

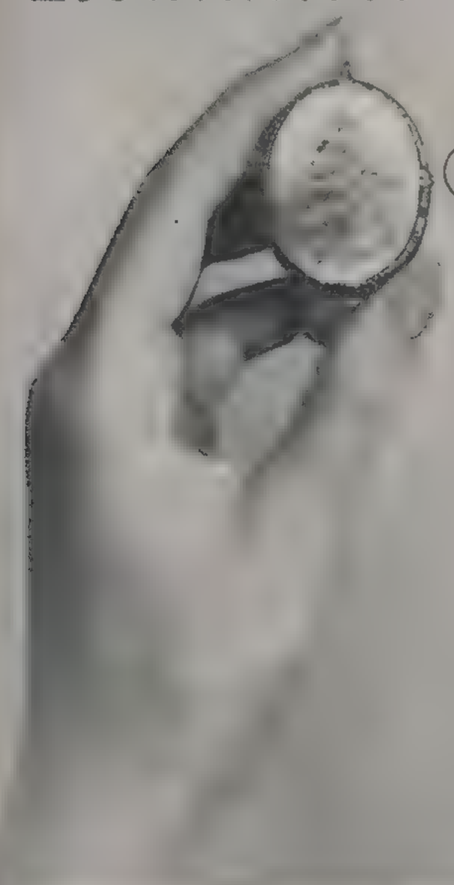


PERSONALIZED THROWS

Léron's exclusive luxury throws for cozy warmth. (Left): Baronet Throw (54" x 72") of wool-and-fur-fiber in White, Butterscotch, Mint Julep or Shrimp with tasselled fringe. Including monogram, $39.50. (Right): Pure Wool Throw (42" x 72") in solid White, Moss Green, Pastel Pink or Blue with matching satin appliqued monogram included, $39.50.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET
Telephone: PLaza 3-6700

Romantic Treasures...



Mary Chess

CREAM PERFUME COMPACTS

Beautiful Cream Perfumes — cached in golden compacts.

Enchantingly feminine fashion accessories — to carry and wear as pendants on chains or bowknot pins.

Mary Chess exclusives. In White Lilac, Tapestry, Strategy and Yram fragrances.



Porcelain-topped oval is decorated with Fragonard scene.



"Cameo Watch Case", studded with non-precious jewels.

Cream Perfume Compacts 5.00 each

Matching chains, 2.00 and bowknot pins, 1.50

Also available in other exclusive designs — at fine stores.

MARY CHESS • 597 Fifth Avenue, New York • London

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By Robert W. Corrigan

Generation,

"Henry Fonda is enough"

As each new theatre season begins, we are once again reminded that October, not April, "is the cruellest month, breeding/ Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing/ Memory and desire. . . ." After months of news and gossip, rewrites and cast changes, tryouts and previews, the season opens and soon thereafter the closing notices go up. Holdovers keep things going until the big new musicals come in or the season's comedy hit emerges. The first of the comedy hits arrived with William Goodhart's *Generation,* starring Henry Fonda.

Generation, like all plays of its kind, is a two-dimensional show. It makes few demands and has no pretensions. It is slick, clever, and fun, and all its qualities are of the surface. You can forget the situation, which is pretty hackneyed: An upper-middle-class, slightly booze-addicted, ad-agency liberal with an expense-account morality, Midwestern father comes to New York and collides with his loft-living, questing-for-authenticity-in-the-Village daughter and her new husband. You can forget the plot, which is pretty implausible: The father's attempts to prevent the young couple from delivering their first child by themselves (they decided they might as well get married a few days before the baby was due). You can forget the dialogue, which is pretty clichéd: There are some funny and clever lines, but they are usually so completely telegraphed that they lack the explosive quality of discovery which characterizes true wit. You can forget the message, which is pretty superficial: A truly authentic way of living can only be achieved when each generation learns from the other. You can forget all these things, but don't forget to see the play. For *Generation* is a delightful evening in the theatre, and Henry Fonda gives an absolutely superb performance as Jim Bolton, the bewildered but determined father.

Henry Fonda has been with us in films, television, and on the stage for so long now that we tend to take him for granted. We forget how talented he is. He has such youthful vitality, such charm and grace, such a mastery of theatrical technique. In short, he commands the stage, and he does so with effortless ease. He could probably carry the show by himself, but he is given valuable assistance by A. Larry Haines, who plays an obstetrician friend. When Haines, a first-rate comic character actor, and Fonda have the stage to themselves, one forgets all about tomorrow's problems.

The acting of the rest of the cast, unfortunately, does not measure up to the level of the star and his sidekick. And the performances of Holly Turner and Richard Jordan as the daughter and son-in-law make us acutely aware of what a big difference a generation of acting experience can make. But, no matter, Henry Fonda is enough. As for the rest of the production, directed by Gene Saks, it is as slick and two-dimensional as the play, its staging all on a single plane (downstage, at the proscenium opening), its setting more a neutral backdrop than a designed space. In fact, neutrality best describes the whole production; it is unobtrusive, with everything executed with a kind of massive competence.

Generation is little more than a vehicle for Henry Fonda, and he drives this vehicle so well that we forget—at least most of the time—that gnawing feeling which makes us wish he would step into one with a little more horsepower. In the meantime, we can enjoy him.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By N. N. Nikton

The Loved One,

"abandoned all restraint"

If Tony Richardson's film version of Evelyn Waugh's novel *The Loved One* had been made a decade ago, it might have succeeded. The novel, published in 1948, satirized America's maudlin attitudes toward death—and life—and the ways those attitudes could be exploited for profit. Since then, we have become a nation to whom ideals and detergents alike are offered in minute movies every quarter of the TV hour. We live in the age of the sponsor. Where Jessica Mitford's recent report, *The American Way of Death*, drew the fury of morticians and graveyard operators, this film should, in addition, outrage churchmen, NASA, mothers, and heaven knows what people with products to protect. The film is not good enough to warrant that much adverse free publicity.

Some of the writing by Terry Southern and Christopher Isherwood is black-funny; almost all of the performances are admirable. As Mr. Joyboy, Rod Steiger is masterful. John Gielgud's acting of Sir Francis Hinsley is in perfect Waughvian scale. And Anjanette Comer does as she's told as a Zazu Pitts-y Aimée Thanatogenos. But Robert Morse, as Dennis Barlow, is miscast as a leering clod of an English beatnik. Someone should have told Terry to tell Tony to take a chance on Roddy; inconsequential as a studio head, Mr. McDowell would have breathed life and a real British accent into Dennis Barlow.

In their attempt to reach a public grown acquiescent to moral outrage, the film makers abandoned all restraint and took up the sledge hammer. For example, The Dreamer, Dr. Wilbur Kenworthy, creator of Whispering Glades Memorial Park in Waugh's book, has become "The Blessed Reverend" in the film. Not only does he occupy a leading rôle as a power-hungry con man who whizzes around in a black helicopter (in the book, he never appeared in person), he has acquired a twin brother who has replaced Mr. Schultz as proprietor of The Happier Hunting Ground animal cemetery. As the twin brothers, Jonathan Winters is, I suppose, in his element.

To flesh out the plot, the Blessed Reverend attempts to exploit the real-estate values of Whispering Glades: "There's *got* to be a way to get those stiffs off my property!" The solution is to disinter and orbit the dead. "Resurrection Now!" calls for buying a NASA General (Dana Andrews) who justifies his collusion in this nonsense by expressing his mistrust of egghead "pinko *preverts.*" I could feel Mr. Andrews wince as he read the line; he too must remember Keenan Wynn delivering a better version of this line in *Dr. Strangelove.*

Excess is piled on excess. No benefit is derived from the Blessed Reverend's orgying statuary or his attempted rape of Aimée on the mortuary floor. It is a piece of inspired innovation to transform Joyboy's Mom from the frazzled, embittered ex-Vermonter of the novel into a 350-pound obscenity. As a porcine estuary for torrents of food, a woman who can be sexually aroused by TV food commercials, she is horrendous, an image of human over-kill, *mondo carne.* But, with Mom, as with much of the script, the writers and director had to add and reiterate, until the parody burst, burying the film in glutinous rubble.

The alternative approach would have been to apply the astringent control of irony to characterization, camera angle, dialogue every frame of the way. Perhaps a policy of understatement would have saved this strange *Loved One.* For when you flail too hard, life flees out of art, and you are left with a screenful of dust.





FEATURED AT MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO, AND OTHER STORES



touchy subject

Nice and touchy . . . New Hollywood Vassarette Stockings. They not only *look* fashionable, but *feel* fashionable, too. A final "beauty bath" gives each stocking a silky soft finish. Fabulous. Feminine. And practical . . . almost too smooth to catch or snag.

Look for Hollywood Vassarette Stockings in the pretty satiny cerise box at fine stores.

Hollywood Vassarette

BRAS, GIRDLES, LINGERIE . . . AND NOW STOCKINGS

FULL SPECTRUM OF COLORS PROPORTIONED SIZES $1.50 AND UP



Neutrogena! A soap so pure you see through it. An ever-so-gentle soap that leaves you ever-so-clean and ever-so-elegant. A dollar a cake; and worth it. Would you like a Trial Cake with our compliments? Simply address: NEUTROGENA-V, BOX 2787, OCEAN PARK, CALIFORNIA

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Ralph Blum

At Play in the Fields of the Lord,

"a remarkable and moving book"

What makes Peter Matthiessen unique in contemporary letters is his parallel achievement as naturalist and novelist. Joining his skill as zoologist and ornithologist to his power as a storyteller, he produces fiction in which man's ecology is an integral part of the literary experience. There could be no better evidence of this successful fusion than his new novel, *At Play in the Fields of the Lord* (Random House). Six years ago, in the fascinating survey *Wildlife in America,* Peter Matthiessen detailed the white man's effect on the wildlife of North America. Now he describes the impact of civilized man on a primitive South American people and the consequent inadvertent hastening of their extinction. The theme, by no means original, is superbly handled.

The Niaruna tribe of the story occupies a remote area of South American jungle. The government of Oriente State, anxious to subdue this wild tribe in order to facilitate colonial expansion, views with tolerance the activities of two families of American Bible Belt missionaries whose own objective is "the harvest of souls." Into this playing field of political cruelty and proselytical blundering comes the renegade American Lewis Moon—the dregs of noble savagery. Battle-scarred and degenerate, Moon is a descendant of Cheyenne warriors. His occupation, as partner in the firm of Wolfie and Moon, is described on the company plane's fuselage: SMALL WARS & DEMOLITION. To Moon, at the desperate end of an agonized search for himself, the Niaruna are a symbol of purity and grace.

After a night of transcendental vision and hallucinatory terror—brought on by drinking *ayahuasca,* the drug *Banisteria caapi*—Moon defects from the world that produced him. He flies into the dawn, parachutes from his plane, and comes to the Niaruna out of the rising sun. Accepted as a god, he begins a new life. Aware of the Niaruna's perilous position, Moon struggles to foster a union of Indian clans, to strengthen the isolated tribes into a nation. Moon lives by a code and is willing to earn his faith. Yet all of his human transactions are stained with violence. The tragic irony of Moon's aspirations is that he must betray his adopted people. Because of him, the Niaruna become victims of one enemy against which they are defenseless—an influenza epidemic.

Weakened by disease, hounded by government troops, the tribe abandons its territory, and Moon is forced to flee his adopted people. The book's final passage contains the stuff from which great cinematic finales are made: a confrontation with the one Indian who never accepted Moon as God—even a chase. (If, as rumored, Arthur Penn will direct the film, Charles Bronson is the actor to play Moon; he would cost far less than Warren Beatty, who could never survive in Matthiessen's jungle.) Pursued and fleeing in a Niaruna burial canoe, Moon remembers the words of a young warrior: "We are naked and have nothing! Therefore we must decorate ourselves, for if we did not, how are we to be told from animals." Alone and burning with fever, Moon is carried by the river eastward toward the sun until "on an island shared with swift white birds . . . naked to the sun and sky, he felt himself open like a flower. Soon he slept. At dark he built an enormous fire, in celebration of the only man beneath the eye of Heaven." At an appalling price, Moon accomplishes his own purification; his painful rebirth beyond the jungle of villainy and confusion concludes a remarkable and moving book.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By Henry Popkin

Pickwick,

"*compulsory . . . jollity*"

The musical *Pickwick*, written by Wolf Mankowitz and based, of course, on Charles Dickens's novel, conveys an enforced, compulsory, but not compulsive, kind of jollity. The actors direct us to be happy, but obedience comes hard. In song, they order us to have a merry Christmas, they praise "the company of men," and they promise "sunshine in everyone's eye." These three separate songs are, in fact the same one: the *Pickwick* cheer-up song, set to different tunes. The other standard *Pickwick* song is a bit sprightlier and not so offensively cheerful: the "character-introduction" song. Since the source is Dickens, the introduction of characters does not end until the curtain falls.

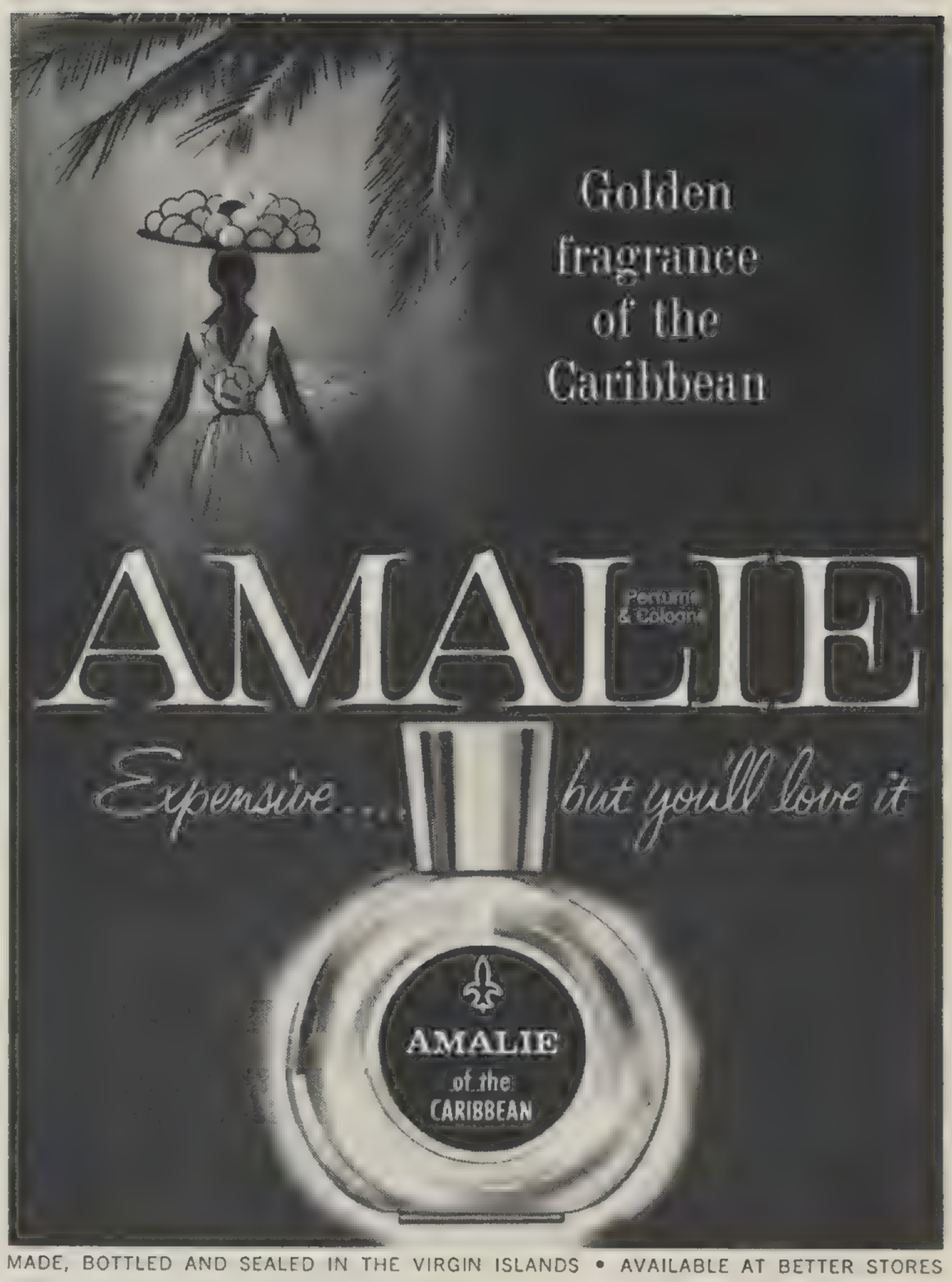
All that not-very-contagious joy needs something to weigh it down. The original London production had some weight in a long, melancholy opening scene set in debtors' prison and in a lugubrious ditty, the "Debtor's Lament." (Retrospective social criticism is the British way of theatre now. A few days after the original *Pickwick* opened, London saw *The Beggar's Opera* given as a play within a play, performed by eighteenth-century convicts about to be transported overseas. And right now, Richard Lester, who qualifies as an Anglo-American, is filming *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, telling the press of the hard life led by Roman slaves, and regretting that it is too late to help them.) Most of the debtor-prison material is omitted in Broadway's cheery *Pickwick*, and so the perfunctory opening in Fleet Prison is as pointless as it is brief.

Harry Secombe's Pickwick, a pink, plump overgrown cherub, has the authentic infantile innocence of Dickens's hero, a quality marvellously suited to the world of sharp dealing and misadventure that Dickens created, but, on Broadway, the trouble is that he is adrift in a sea of innocence, and thus indistinguishable from his environment. As Pickwick's servant, Sam Weller, Roy Castle displays a pleasing personality and considerable dancing skill, but Sam Weller he's not: he has traded Sam's devious Cockney guile for a frank, open countenance and a pair of dancing shoes. *Pickwick* is fortunate to have at least one face that matches the wickedness its sweet-tempered hero finds in the bad world—the bulldog face of Peter Bull, who arrives thirty minutes before the curtain falls to deliver a memorable denunciation of Pickwick's sins before a spellbound jury. But this one belated bulldog comes too late to give bite to *Pickwick's* forced merriment.

A Very Rich Woman,

"*more fun to be Superwoman*"

Adapting *A Very Rich Woman* from a French comedy, Ruth Gordon has fashioned a hero-play for septuagenarians. The whole point of this insubstantial entertainment is to permit the septuagenarian heroine, cheered on by her equally elderly friends, to score one triumph after another over flaming youth. In the first act, she has funnier lines than the surly young folk; in the second act, she foils their plot to kidnap her; in the third act, she rescues the only decent, intelligent young person in the play from his dismal generation by marrying him. And, since there is no way of topping that, the play ends. In the lead, Miss Gordon shows marvellous energy, but she never pretends for a minute that she is the Boston matron whom she is supposed to be playing. Why be a mere Bostonian when it is more fun to be Superwoman?



MADE, BOTTLED AND SEALED IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS • AVAILABLE AT BETTER STORES

Carte Blanche

'Social' Security.

If you're going places in the social whirl, we've got security for you. ❦ 100,000 charge accounts! ❦ All yours with a new credit card from Carte Blanche, for women only. ❦ It's called "Hers". ❦ And it gives you instant credit at thousands of fine restaurants, chic shops, smart hotels and motor inns, major airlines, car rental agencies, even service stations. ❦ Over 100,000 charge accounts and only one pretty pink card to carry. ❦ You deserve your very own. ❦ Write now.

IF YOU'RE A PROFESSIONAL OR EXECUTIVE GAL AND YOUR CREDIT'S GOOD, WHY WAIT? PICK UP AN APPLICATION WHEREVER YOU SEE THE CARTE BLANCHE "WELCOME" SIGN, OR WRITE CARTE BLANCHE, DEPT. V, 3460 WILSHIRE BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90005. WRITE NOW.

There's a great deal behind Sea Weeds.



In Hawaii, Sea Weeds look great, taking a swim with the coral fish at Black Sand Beach, surfing, feasting at a Luau or just for the every day joy of wearing Sea Weeds.

The two piece cotton and Avril forget-me-not suit touched with lace is completed by the matching cover-up. In coral reef pink, tropical yellow or deep sea blue. Sizes 8-16. Suit about $20. Cover-up about $25. At "the" stores everywhere.

SEA WEEDS, 550 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, NEW YORK.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

How to keep a man on his toes

His toes had never been in such marvellous condition. Nor had her fingernails. They each used it; togetherness. It came in a snappy case, five-and-a-half inches wide by three-and-a-half inches deep. In the case, what looked like an infant boat, a yellow one with white accessories. Powered by two batteries, the little boat has, for its firing line, three, or you might say four, different kinds of double-barrelled guns. All silencers. 1. The Nail Groomer, small measured particles of diamonds and sapphires ensconced in a nickel-silver base for nail-shaping. 2. A spinning, circular Foot Dresser, coarser jewels, proposes to flick away, comfortably, calluses and rough skin on heels and soles. 3. Nail Smoother, even smaller particles of jewels than in 1. for levelling the exterior surface of the nails. 4. Back of Nail Smoother, a nail buffer, felt matter, replaceable, to make cuticles retreat, to leave the nails smooth as ice-show ice. Included: Buffing cream. Name of all: Diamon Deb Electro-Matic Manicure/Pedicure (a descendant, obviously, of the many-gloried Diamon Deb nail file). Everything snaps into the little boat as if it were going to war, and everything except cream and felt is guaranteed for life (motor for one year). Diamon Deb, might just make life more peaceful.

The word for girls cracking up —via hands, ankles, elbows, faces

An artist who designs packages by day and paints fairly understandable abstracts by night, Mrs. E. is constantly involved in paints and turpentine. From this her hands get visibly annoyed. Not half as annoyed, however, as Mrs. E. The chapping and roughness chased her to a dermatologist, who directed her to a cream which he considers as hostile to dryness as creams come. . . . Lubriderm in cream form has 47% lubricating content, an unusually large amount, designed for people with exceptionally dry skin. For ordinary crackups with ordinary dry skin, Lubriderm lotion (20% lubricating content) seems to do the trick. In any event, no question that Lubriderm, 47% or 20%, is a splendid worker, with a feeling of purity such as in driven snow. . . . To further our parched-skinned artist's comfort, she now bathes in Lubath, a related de-dryer of the highly-respected Texas Pharmacal Company (which also turns out Allercreme hypo-allergenic cosmetics and men's toiletries that dermatologists love to prescribe). Lubath oils the bath or gets sponged on one after a shower; now comes, too, in a formulation called Lubath-ML—another cup of bath oil entirely than the original Lubath. . . . When Mrs. E. takes up sculpture, could be she'll need a gallon a day.

Alone at last–

Martini & Rossi Vermouth **all by itself.**

The way she likes it... he likes it...you'll like it.

Sweet or extra dry on the rocks.

Europe's distinguished Vermouth–

this nation's favorite... for years!



RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH

NanTucket
Naturals

Imported Moygashel linen heads south via Nantucket's gentle tailoring and famous pocketry in cruise-y blue, green or rye. Sizes 8 to 18, 40.00



BONWIT TELLER, NEW YORK
GARFINCKEL'S, WASHINGTON, D.C.
GIDDING-JENNY, CINCINNATI
I. MAGNIN, ALL STORES
MONTALDO'S, ALL STORES

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

November 15

Quick rescues for looks If the clock says: you have exactlyonehalfhour to spend bucking up your looks, what can you do with it, besides panic? You can perform a rescue makeup; you can revive your hair; you can bathe freshness and a degree of vitality back into your body. Thus braced, you should feel a resurgence of that psychic thing called energy—enough, at least, to let you get on with what's expected of you. And in the weeks to come, what's expected of you is presentably good looks, despite a schedule that's really a three-woman job. Never mind, the emergency crew is ready. . . .

Quickest set for hair Ready to revive a head of hair within ten minutes, and allow you freedom at the same time to bathe, is a lovely little box of magic called Carmen Curler. Plug the contraption into an electric outlet. Eighteen spiky-toothed white plastic rollers begin to heat instantly. When a tiny red dot at the end of each curler has turned black, you've been given the go-ahead. Remove each roller as needed from the metal rod on which it stands. Proceed to roll up your hair lock by lock; fix each roller with the metal clip supplied for it. Then go about your business of bathing. Six minutes' worth of continuous-heating action (a captive liquid within the curler maintains cooking temperature) is enough to put bounce back into the hair from scalp to tip. Enough to last the evening and beyond. . . .

Quick restoration of hair-colouring Ready to pull you through the day or night when your hair is overdue for its colouring appointment and roots are signalling wildly for help: something called 'Tween-Time hair crayon by Roux. Hairdressers the world over know it, and as it happens, we've never seen it used with more aplomb than at a famous salon in Rome. Not stingy about their recipe, they offered us the following procedure—a recipe devised to cover outgrowing roots without colouring the scalp simultaneously. Take hair crayon in the shade closest to your colouring. Moisten the crayon's tip with water. With a fine-toothed comb, comb your hair—then, using the comb in reverse, its teeth faceward, select a patch of hair whose roots are showing, and wedge the comb between scalp and hairline. Colour this. Work each section thus. . . .

Quick rallying of energy Ready to do this, if you let it: a bath to raise the body temperature a little, soothe whatever hurts, and put all the creature into neutral as far as scent is concerned—after which, scented body lotion and perfumes begin a clean slate. Bath ingredient, Vitabath—in Europe, known as Badedas. . . . Also during bath: recourse to hot and cold water taps; sponge their produce alternately under your eyes to work up the kind of circulation that should help to reduce undereye puffs. . . .

Quick help for décolletage Ready to give you a throat, neckline, and back worth looking at: a carnelian-coloured cylinder which Eve of Rome calls her Skin Stimulant. Works on the ball-point principle, spreads out an even film of almond-scented lotion which, worked into the skin, then towelled off exuberantly, leaves a charming surface in its wake —fresh, soft, "remade." Lord & Taylor has this new product now. . . .

Quick makeup save Ready to restore a face and to fake a look of restedness: the *pale*, very neutral makeup foundations. Blend one on. Then spread forehead, temples, and immediate-undereye area with an earthy apricot cream blusher. Sponge to blend. Powder centre of face. Sponge lightly. Eyedrops are next. Dress eyelids in beige, then draw eyeliner deep into eyelash roots and lift outwards slightly. Use liner on upper lashes only—we're ushering attention upwards, notice; it's more anti-gravity. Stroke on mascara. Apply fake eyelashes over this, pinching fake and real lashes together convincingly. In fold of eye at top of socket, smooth in a blur of shadow-coloured shadow. Do eyebrows in pale powder or pale cream. Have another go-around with the blusher—most American women under-use this wonder. Sponge again to fit makeup tautly. Apply lipstick. Put a dot of pearlescent white lip gloss in centre of lower lip; do same under wing of eyebrow to invent space. . . . Have everything ready for action before need arises. Arise it will. . . .

© 1965, Yves Saint Laurent Parfums Corp.



Everything Yves Saint Laurent brings to the world of haute couture is in Parfum "Y" and Eau de Toilette "Y". At select shops.


To find the nearest resemblance to the luminous, glowing iridescence of Neptuna pearls, the magnificent imposters by Laguna . . . visit a productive oyster. To see Neptuna, visit your favorite better department store or specialty shop. Neptuna sparkles with genuine, color-enriched jade or genuine smoky topaz quartz clasps. See Neptuna necklaces, pendants, bracelets, earrings, and rings.
Laguna®
LAGUNA-ROYAL CRAFTSMEN INC 389 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK N Y

BRITISH CLUTCH $7.95.

Rolfs gets carried away—always.

This time with country colors. The ROLFS 'Consett' British Clutch is handcrafted from Ricardo Cowhide with a suede panel and comes in Pale Shadow. Or Jungle Moss. Both colors at home in casual surroundings. Inside the British Clutch you'll find plenty of wide open spaces. A member of a fine setmaker family—made by the people who know how to keep up with you. (Available in Canada.)

ROLFS

West Bend, Wisconsin.
Also creators of fine Amity Leather Accessories.



KEY KADDY $3.50 BILLFOLD $5.95 CIGARETTE CASE $3.95 LIGHTER $2.95 EYE GLASS CASE $3.50



If your host doesn't serve Chivas Regal, it doesn't mean he has none.

There are misers among us.

Men whose love of dear friends and fine Scotch is not so great as their passion for pennies.

The mere fact that Chivas Regal costs more than other whiskies puts them off serving it.

So they hide it in some dark corner, there to languish in all its 12-years-aged glory, never to grace a thirsty throat with the misted sunshine of the Strathisla-Glenlivet vales.

And only to save a paltry $2.

Pity. But what's to do? We wouldn't stoop to embarrassing a host. Mean, petty, miser though he be.

So be gracious.

Smile bravely and toss down whatever he serves you.

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS







JACK ROBINSON

Paraphernalia goes pop! And a boutique is born.

Carpenters were still clobbering, painters painting. The clothes racks had nothing for sale, but the boutique was jammed. The opening night of Paraphernalia went off on time and *everyone* came. There were the prettiest girls; the best dancers; the super New York swingers; the police (smiling)—and later on Senator Edward M. Kennedy. . . . Lots of guests wore clothes the shop is now selling. Hostess Susan Burden (upper left) in a Paraphernalia special design—silver lamé, one long sleeve, one shoulder. . . . John Jess (lower left), in from London, with shirt and tie of dizzy black and white cotton. (Paraphernalia sells it in sizes for men and women); Adorable Prue Hooper (above right) in Mary Quant's black moire with cookie-cutter neckline. . . . Enfin! Paraphernalia is open for business. 795 Madison Avenue. . . .

Zut alors! the zebra-striped "pluie" coat. Dazzling enough for any day . . . don't wait for the rain. White vinyl "pluie" coat, double-breasted. Square as a box. Streaked around with bold black stripes from hipbone to kneebone. More stripes on the collar, the cuffs, the facings. $45. Splendiferous, 1312 Third Avenue (near 75th St.). . . .

Low Louis'—the chunky heels of velvet evening slippers decorated with fat satin bows; clumpy silvery buckles. In delicious colours like mocha-brown, enamel-blue, grassy green, church purple. $14 to $20. Planned to match little shifty crêpe chemises, $40. All these are at Creations 'n Things, 265 West 72nd Street. . . .

"The White House said, 'Please be at the Waldorf with the clothes at 9:30 sharp.'" The rest of the overheard conversation between dress designer and avid listener: "He certainly *does* take an interest in what they wear. He gave us his complete attention for at least forty-five minutes. I'd been told he didn't like purple, but one dress had been put in by mistake. He spotted it immediately. '*No* purple!' he said. Then he looked at another dress. I guess he liked it, but he wanted to know, 'Now, what will that do for Bird?'". . . .

Imagine the mess! A Mainbocher and a Maximilian completely smeared with Coca-Cola, axle grease, mustard, chocolate syrup, beef gravy! Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard bravely lent her suit and mink coat for the experiment. The mistreated clothes were popped into the brand-new Turboclene Drycleaner, whirled around in DuPont's new Valclene solution, and emerged 20 minutes later—dry and spotless. These amazing machines, installed in stores, like washers in laundromats, are now in operation in Chicago; set for New York in January. $2 takes care of eight pounds of assorted dry cleaning. For full facts, write Engelhard Hanovia Inc., Bound Brook, N. J. 08805.

"White Gardens" is the private property of Mainbocher. He invented it. Captured the essence of a white-on-white garden and bottled it. Terribly special, the *eau parfumé* can only be bought, by appointment, at Mainbocher Custom Salon, 699 Fifth Avenue. . . .

Remember the stripper's crisscross mesh stockings? They always had that ugly, wiggly seam up the back. Now, for any pair of pretty legs: seamless, fishnet-y mesh stretch stockings not only in black, but white, russety brown. $2.95. Stern Brothers, 41 W. 42nd Street. . . .

If Sally lives in your alley, watch out. Here comes a great girl! Young Sally Kirkland studies at the Actors Studio. Acts off-Broadway. Whips around her part of town on a motor scooter wearing made-to-measure black-leather jeans, a black leather top cut like an undershirt (above). She slings a white turtleneck sweater over her shoulders, and she sometimes wears her wide, black-leather-banded wristwatch on her upper arm. All the black leather (including watchband) made at The Leather Man, 85 Christopher Street. Jeans, $50; top, $25; watchband, $8.50. . . . And if a friend happens to be having a "Happening," Sally may make her entrance out of the top of a birthday cake—dancing divinely—wearing her Ken Scott cotton print bikini. About $50; Bonwit Teller. . . .





Royal Secret



If you're an angel, you deserve it.
If you're not... see if it doesn't make you one!

BATH PERFUME • BATH FOAM • BATH POWDER
SPRAY CONCENTRÉE • SPRAY PERFUME • SOAP
LUXURY SHOWER SPRAY OIL • LUXURY LOTION

Germaine Monteil

NOVEMBER 15, 1965
VOGUE's
EYE VIEW:

THE NIGHT OF THE SHOULDER-BAG

It swings, it sparkles, it glows . . . none other than the happy snappy shoulder-bag transformed, *left,* into the most luxurious little evening bag in the world . . . a chain of brilliants over the shoulder and a squared, small, perfectly flat black-velvet satchel with a wonderfully expansive nature. . . . Another dusting of brilliants for the very cropped black suède gloves, *far left.* . . . And a diamond shining among the loops and coils of a wiggy new Sassooning coiffure. . . . Handbag by Roger Vivier, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Kislav gloves at Best & Co. Coiffure, with wig and postiches, by Charles of Vidal Sassoon. The diamond—one of a pair of ear-clips, by Mary Kruming.

HORST





H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARGARET, COUNTESS OF SNOWDON— AND THE EARL OF SNOWDON— ON AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES

H.R.H. The Princess Margaret and her husband, the Earl of Snowdon, recognize the wonderland qualities of their marriage, but prefer to be known as a working couple: she on Royal affairs for her sister, H.M. Queen Elizabeth II, he on the staff of the Council of Industrial Design and as a photographer on the staff of the London *Sunday Times*. In the five years since their wedding at Westminster Abbey on May 6, 1960, Lord Snowdon, a talented photographer, has become an impressive one, a collaborator on the new book, *Private View: The Lively World of British Art;* the title page gives the collaborators' names thus: Robertson/Russell/Snowdon. (Ten of the two hundred and sixty-five Snowdon photographs from that book are on the following pages.) Almost always in the public eye once they leave Kensington Palace, the Snowdons hold on tenaciously to their private peace. They insist on the real, resist the sham. Together they enjoy a flow of intelligent, amusing people, many of them anchored in the arts. While Princess Margaret is a superb conversationalist with a ranging knowledge, Lord Snowdon is a questioning one, preferring rather to interview than to chat. Fitting into no niche, the Snowdons are unique.

CECIL BEATON

BARBARA HEPWORTH

on the Cornish shore at St. Ives. A disciplined sculptor with a passionate and sensual idea of beauty and life, she has great concern for an immaculate surface that shows in the purity and clarity of her works.



FROM THE SUPERB NEW BOOK
BY ROBERTSON/RUSSELL/SNOWDON

"PRIVATE VIEW

THE LIVELY WORLD OF BRITISH ART"
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LORD SNOWDON

Spirited, different, fascinating, *Private View* is a triple collaboration by Lord Snowdon and two other members of the power group in British art—Bryan Robertson, a pathfinder who directs the Whitechapel Gallery, and John Russell of the London *Sunday Times,* a scholarly, amusing, and forthright art critic, perhaps the most important in Britain. These three worked together for three years with all the photographs taken by Lord Snowdon, Russell's colleague on *The Sunday Times.* A reticent, searching man, Lord Snowdon asks for no privileges, once told an editor: "In two hours at a sitting a tremendously close relationship in almost total silence is established. As a photographer one meets people without barriers; there is no defense. There are two points I believe in: the photographer is secondary, and photographs must not be impressive, they must capture a moment and move the reader through mood." Such moments are captured in this handsome book from which the ten photographs shown here and on the following pages are taken. Not only artists are the subject of *Private View* but also art dealers, critics, museum directors, art schools, collectors. In their incisive text, frank and decisive, Russell-Robertson wrote: "Between all these people there is a constant reciprocal contact, and that contact is investigated. Invisible to the visitor, impalpable even to many of those who benefit from it directly, it is vital to the energy and ambition and darting initiative which characterize London today."

PRINTED WITH THE EXPRESS
PERMISSION OF TIME-LIFE BOOKS/
INTERNATIONAL BOOK SOCIETY



R.B. KITAJ,
WITH WIFE AND SON

An American who studied painting at Oxford on the G.I. Bill, Kitaj takes what he wants; his works are a compendium of ideas, devices, throwbacks, and associations, bound together by the intensity of his imagination.



DAVID HOCKNEY

His work hovers between fantasy and a poetic realism that can captivate by its spareness and a totally disarming element of disingenuousness. The best of his paintings—and his sharp, knowing attitude towards art and life—have made him a hero figure for his generation.

LORD SNOWDON





WILLIAM SCOTT

seen through the window of his Chelsea studio

Known for his still-life paintings of table tops, he has a flawless sense of proportion.



IVON HITCHENS

For the last thirty years he has both sustained and changed the tradition of English landscape painting.

EDUARDO PAOLOZZI

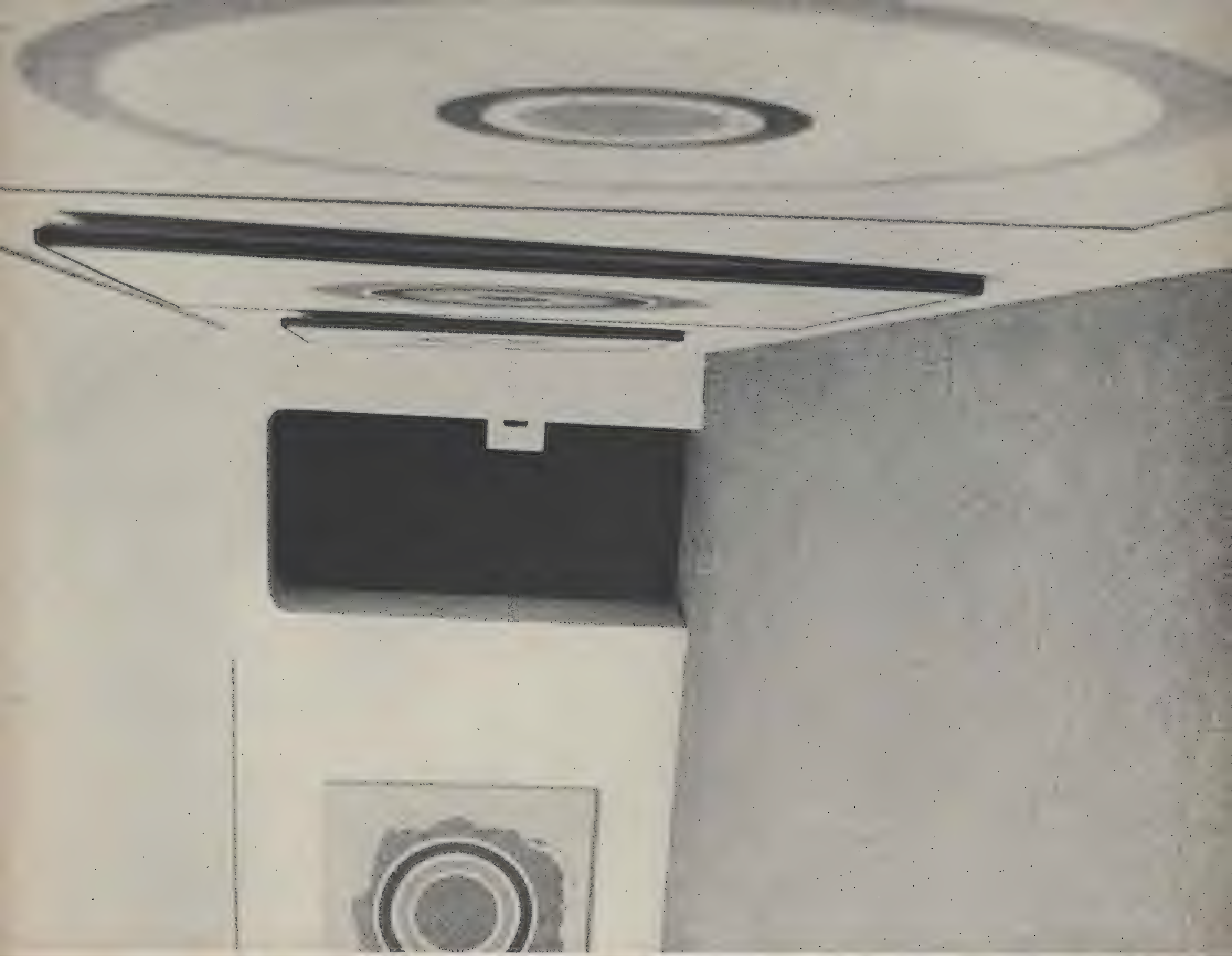
One of the first British sculptors to give ready-made industrial sections wit and eloquence, he is shown here, dragging his 1962 "Ace."

LORD SNOWDON

KASMIN WITH THE MARQUIS
OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

Partners in the Kasmin Gallery, these two young art dealers prefer young artists. Here, they are shown in their white gallery at an exhibition of Kenneth Noland's target paintings.

LORD SNOWDON





DAVID SYLVESTER
Critic, collector, broadcaster, and organizer of exhibitions, shown here carrying a Soutine.

HELEN LESSORE

A single-minded art dealer, director of the Beaux Arts Gallery until it closed this year, she is renowned for her total lack of compromise

LORD SNOWDON



THE ADVENTURE OF MAKING "PRIVATE VIEW"

BY JOHN RUSSELL

Just what has turned London into one of the world's three capitals of art? Who did it, and how? And what kind of people are they?

These are the questions which *Private View: The Lively World of British Art* is meant to answer. It is a new kind of book, about a new kind of situation. Certain British artists have been made much of since World War II, and Henry Moore in particular has done as much for British prestige as any politician. But never, since Britain became a force in contemporary art, and since London filed its claim to be the centre of the world's art market, has the British art scene been taken apart, piece by revelant piece, and put together again as it has in *Private View,* a book that is different altogether from the "authorized monograph," in which text and pictures are often in uneasy alliance and there is no suggestion that works of art are produced in, and for, a specific society. Much of *Private View* shows, on the contrary, that that society should be identified, and that it can only be known and presented from the inside.

"From the inside": easier said than done, one might think. Not every dealer is as extreme, in this matter, as the director of one great old master firm who closed our conversation with the words "Personal Publicity is Prostitution!" But there are studios in London of which the address is a guarded secret, just as there are places of power and authority where the notice PRIVATE really means what it says. Most articles on the art world read like a prize essay by a Trobriand Islander on English country-house life. The facts may have been conscientiously researched, but the tone, the balance, the emphasis are likely to be all awry. And you can live a great deal nearer than the Trobriand Islands, and be a genius in your own right, and still get things wrong: it was Balzac, after all, who spoke of Lancashire as "a country where people die of love."

The written word can do a lot, in this context. But when it is integrated with the image, the result takes on a further dimension. Unillustrated, the written word in matters of art is like a cuneiform inscription in which much has to be taken on trust. The photograph on its own needs, correspondingly, an armature of consecutive statement. What Bryan Robertson and I had to do was to consolidate and put into rational sequence the points that were being made, right, left, and centre, by our mercurial colleague, Lord Snowdon.

BRIDGET RILEY

Internationally famous, this leader of the British Op painters is shown in her studio surrounded by the dismantled sections of "Continuum," an experimental, three-dimensional construction planned to envelop the spectator, completely.

LORD SNOWDON

To a certain extent, the "armature of consecutive statement" was implicit in the very idea of the book. All capitals of art depend above all on the living artist. For that reason we began with people—Moore, Hepworth, Nicholson, Piper, and Sutherland—who had been a part of the scene since the 1930's. Next came those who, like Bacon, Pasmore, Chadwick, Davie, and Armitage, took part in the international breakthrough during the early and middle fifties. Finally, there is a big range of artists now in their twenties and thirties who, owing nothing whatever to their seniors, have struck out on their own. Here we have sometimes been outpaced by the rapidity with which young artists now get to be known: in 1962 the choice of Caro, Kitaj, Richard Smith, Phillip King, and Bridget Riley as the younger artists most worth bothering about was an act of daring and defiance; today it looks tamely conventional.

Above all, the artists matter. Without them, there would be no capital of art and no *Private View.* But other people are necessary also, if a capital of art is to function. The sale rooms and the dealers count, for instance. Contrary to popular belief, there are dealers who identify themselves profoundly with their artists and do not see them solely in terms of merchandising; some of these are in *Private View.* The art schools count also, and the museums, and public bodies like the Arts Council; all are in the book. Disinterested ideas count, and the people who formulate them. One or two patrons, private and public, play a part.

London has changed beyond recognition since World War II. Twenty years ago British art, if discussed at all by the foreign visitor, was discussed in the terms appropriate to Dutch music or the Belgian cinema. British artists led a quiet, cottagey sort of life with a week in Paris as the summit of imaginable fulfillment. Most critics were still turning round Cézanne as a dog turns in its basket. Collectors were people who did the artist a favour by asking him to luncheon. Dealers forgot about British art the moment they got out of the country. London itself was a battered and near-derelict city in which people took their slices of rationed bread with them when they dined at Scott's or the Ritz.

The basic change since then, where artists are concerned, has nothing to do with the prosperity around them or even with the general acknowledgment of their gifts. The great discovery of the last ten years, among artists, is that in the last resort no one can dictate to them. Their own opinions, and those of their friends and contemporaries, are the ones which will eventually prevail. A vast area of anxiety and self-doubt has been swept off the map. The idea of status and of appearances and of an organic (i.e., a respectful) relationship with the past has been discounted. The old nonsense about a great formal studio in an acceptable part of London has quite gone out, for instance.

Where London once weighed heavily upon the artist, artists of a new generation have learned to master their city: the great overgrown old bear now dances to their tune. It is as if Act I of *La Bohème* had been taken out of the mandatory garret in Montmartre and set down in the back rooms of the Banque de France or in a disused garage in Kremlin-Bicêtre.

During the years that we worked on this book, we took compass and chart and travelled over a thousand miles in London. Fixed ideas about our capital dropped away one by one as Putney, Harrow, Wimbledon, Kentish Town, Bedford Park, Kennington, Highgate, Battersea, Blackheath, and Dulwich were underlined on our map. Harbour and heath, lodging house and (Continued on page 168)



DAVID CARRADINE, PLUMED

Magnificently masked, his body brilliant in gold, David Carradine, *right*, plays the great Inca man-god, Atahuallpa, in Peter Shaffer's gigantic cauldron of a drama, *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*. In this massive spectacle of the Spanish conquest of Peru, Carradine as the Inca has two superbly memorable scenes: one, "hanging in the pitchy air," the centre of a blazing sun, the other, at the end when he is "a naked, pale-chocolate Christ in a loin cloth . . . his face set in an agonized iguana sneer."



PENN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Wars, Vietnam and Poverty, those piercing needles of reality in affluence. . . . The French elections with President De Gaulle obviously out in front, trailed by small, seventy-four-year-old Antoine Pinay, Minister of Finances under De Gaulle in 1958, mayor of a small town, head of a small tannery, a man who wears a small hat, a reassuring, cautious, rather silent man who would not run against De Gaulle but would, perhaps, against such a De Gaulle man as Premier Georges Pompidou. . . . The college computer service that pairs boys and girls for dates and now has a new computer question for students: "Are computers interfering too much in your personal lives?"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The magnificent new exhibition, "The Rubens Era," with its Rubenses, Bruegels, Van Dycks at Brussels's Royal Museum. . . . The curious dryness of the book, *Elizabeth Taylor*, with its cosy, clinical details of her operations and her marriages, by Elizabeth Taylor who likes to be called Betty Burton. . . . The Paris triumph of two Harold Pinter plays, *La Collection* and *L'Amant*, the most important accomplishment this season in the theatre there. . . . The movie, *The Loved One*, so sick it needs a mental hospital, by Tony Richardson, its director, who has turned Evelyn Waugh's small, hundred-and-sixty-four-page masterly novel into a case of gigantism—Richardson can do almost an hour bit on just this three-sentence Waugh: " 'We had a Loved One last month who was found drowned. He had been in the sea a month and they only identified him by his wristwatch. They fixed that stiff,' said the hostess disconcertingly lapsing from the high diction she had hitherto employed, 'so he looked like it was his wedding day.' "

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . London's first new dance, The Kick, invented by Lionel Blair who taught it to the Rock singer Cilla Black—it is a combination of a shuffle, a shake, and a straight kick, with the overall effect of a furious man getting flypaper off his foot. . . . *The World of Swope* by E. J. Kahn, Jr., who has written an amusing, serious biography of one of the country's most gabby, brilliant, versatile journalists, executive editor of New York's morning paper the *World*, which died in 1931, after he had gone on to his exciting, facetted life as race-track expert and General Know-Everything; when Swope was still at the *World*, he went to editorial council meetings from which the owner, Ralph Pulitzer, emerged "looking like a pair of pants, pressed between the immovable mattress of Lippmann, and the springs of Swope."

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE BARBARA HARRIS

She has mystery. She has genius. She works like a fool. In the musical, *On A Clear Day You Can See Forever*, she creates an adorable nut, a girl with spasmodic extrasensory perception who can suddenly droop in a chair like a wet towel, who can make her audiences laugh before she does anything funny. No one knows quite how she does it. Neither does she but she can repeat it. Her face is round, dimpled, her eyes black-rimmed like those of a movie star of the twenties. Her mouth is like a small swatch of pink and her voice has a twist that makes her sound at times like a mixed tape of Geraldine Page and Peggy Cass. With absolute mastery she takes over the stage, but offstage she can go to a party and never say a word except that she hasn't anything to say. She once told Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics of this musical with songs by Burton Lane, that she is afraid of being misquoted. "About what?" he asked. She did not say. Docile towards direction, she is a creative improviser with a short but famous career. Born and educated in Illinois, she joined a repertory company at the University of Chicago, then became a satirist in the revue, *From The Second City*, which led to her part as the absurd adolescent with a lovely thick charm in *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*. Waiting for release are her two movies, *Oh Dad* and *A Thousand Clowns*. She doesn't have to wait for them—Lerner and Lane have done remarkably well for her. Although she teeters sometimes on the edge of self-parody, she always wins.

FRIEDMAN-ABELES





"THERE IS NO ONE IN FRANCE...WHO HAS SUCH GIFTS AS SHE."

"Every year when it comes time for the sheep to go up to summer pasture, a shepherd and his flock cross my farm in Provence. This year, I was just back from Mexico when he came for his right of way. He came very early in the morning. We talked a little. He told me he was going up into the mountains for six months, and he would be passing by again, he said, in the fall.

"All day long, the flock moved by the house. I could hear the dogs barking and the sheep bleating from way up the side of the mountain.

"As the day went by, the thought of this man began to haunt me. He was leaving to be alone with his animals for six months. He would live with them the whole summer long, and no one would even pass by. It was possible; it was possible to be alone for six months. This could happen, to other people this did happen.

"For one whole day and night I believed that it could happen to me, too.

"I thought I was going mad. That night I didn't sleep. I saw myself on the mountain, like this man, alone for months, and it seemed to me that this was exactly what I was longing for, that I had put my finger on what at that moment in my life was my most precise, violent, adorable dream.

"It wasn't until next morning that I realized how silly I was being. I spoke about it to Anna, my child's governess. 'Pure foolishness,' she told me. Wherever I went they'd always find me; from now on they'd ferret me out anywhere; for me there was no safe hiding place any more. And I understood that wanting to be alone, even for a little while, was somehow scandalous, worse even than giving up the dream of solitude. I also understood that for an actress such a dream is inevitable. As inevitable as it is impossible that the dream should ever come true."

This happened to Jeanne Moreau, who told me the story, after her return from Mexico, where she had been on location for four and a half months filming *Viva Maria,* working in conditions that were without question, she said, the most difficult of her career. And it happened a few weeks before shooting began on *Summer Fires,* a film being made from Jean Genet's *Mademoiselle,* under the direction of Tony Richardson.

Three weeks after her return, after her dream, Jeanne Moreau was on location in Corrèze, prompt to the day and hour, as conscientiously punctual as a Renault factory worker punching his time clock. The wild, *naïf,* waking dream had been abandoned. It had gone the way of other stillborn dreams she sometimes has in the midst of her colossally hard work.

Colossally hard . . . well, what better word? Punishingly hard? The pressures on Jeanne Moreau have not come with her great success. She's known them ever since I've known her. Implacable descents into darkness, where she gathers herself together, where she finds herself once more; the terms of this soliloquy the rest of us can not know, but for those of us who know her, they define her as an actress no less than does the foreground of her art. What are these soliloquies? Dreams, in part; dreams fomented in those big beds, those beds of hers that are always too big, that are virtual habitats where she may live for three whole days without once going out, without seeing a soul.

But to turn from a psychological exploration of her daily behaviour and to look instead at the "poetic" structure of her personality: Jeanne Moreau is divided between a will to achieve and a will to renounce. She is a person who wants constantly to forfeit the gift she has received from God. To put it differently, she works at her career, but she does not care about having a career. She is young, young in success, young in tears, forever balancing on a tightrope between love of and renunciation of her art, forever questioning it. None of which prevents her from being of an exemplary meticulousness in the exercise of her craft—and of a royal courtesy. She despises the capricious self-indulgence, the shirking, of some actresses.

"I am in the hands of my friends. I could not live without my friends. I want my home to be a party for my child and for my friends. I want every meal, every evening, to be a party."

This is the one habit, the single connection she allows herself—friendship. The (Continued on page 158)

JEANNE MOREAU:

"ART IS AN ACT OF LOVE"

BY MARGUERITE DURAS

BERT STERN





at home– fashions men adore

Home is where the dream-girls are . . . firing the fun and talk . . . causing a thousand small parties to sparkle and flare . . . wearing what men adore: clothes that glow with the spirit of the evening—personal, luxurious, and highly decorative—in the manner outlined here. Flowers for a beautiful back, left: big, brilliant peonies on a slender toga of rippled blue silk . . . a single button holds it open in back over pink silk-taffeta pants. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; Pomezia printed silk. Robert Originals bracelet. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume, also at Rich's; Halle Bros. Fabiola earrings. . . . Background: an eighteenth-century French needlework screen in the New York apartment of Mr. Vincent Fourcade. The narrowest tea gown, right, in which to feel fragile as Tanagra and equally precious. . . . Peony-pink brocade and splashes of yellow, tiny through the shoulders and sleeves, closed high at the side. By Christian Dior-New York, of polyester and fibranne. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin. Freirich bracelet. Richelieu necklace: Altman's. Photographed at the house in town of the New York producer, Arnold Saint-Subber, for which Roe Kasian has provided a neo-Korean ambiance of dark-beamed white ceilings; pale, unvarnished wood floors; a greyed-wood pagoda framing three long windows. . . . Coiffures by Ingrid of Michel Kazan.

HORST





at home—fashions men adore

A flame of Turquerie, left, whipping excitement now in the seraglios of the west: Galanos's sinuous dress and caftan in red chiffon woven with gold lamé and weighted with margins of beads. Of Bianchini silk. K. J. L. ear-tassels. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Costume: Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Kenneth coiffure. Background: Mr. Christopher Chodoff's apartment; the décor is by Thomas Britt.

The sultan's favourite, below: a ravishing odalisque in green paillettes and purple cut-velvet chalwar-trousers that balloon about voluptuously on bare legs. By Donald Brooks. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Henry Harris. Earrings and Maltese-crossed necklace by Miriam Haskell. At Bergdorf Goodman. Jewelled babouches, to order at Capezio. Coiffure: Ingrid of Michel Kazan. Photographed at the apartment of Mr. Vincent Fourcade.

For the barefoot girl
with tapering arms and
long-distance legs—
an extended compliment,
right: shoot-green
leotards elongated on
the arms . . . on the legs . . .
and crushed down tight
from the knee like a
rajah's choori-dars,
leaving only a provocative
glimpse of foot uncovered.
By Rudi Gernreich, of
rayon matte jersey
(Jasco fabric). About $70.
Apex Art jewellery. All at
Bonwit Teller. Leotards,
also at Dayton's;
Joseph Magnin

at home–
fashions
men adore



Pink in an entertaining spirit, left: innocent little satin shirtdress with a very short skirt puffed out on very long, black, razzle-dazzle legs. Arnold Scaasi costume, made to order; tunic of silk satin; stockings by Bewitching, of Lycra and Lurex threads. Earrings by Laguna. Coiffures: Ingrid of Michel Kazan. Both pages: Saint-Subber's house.



at home– fashions men adore

The reigning geisha, left, trails a blaze of glory through the teahouses of the western world. . . . A splendid largesse of kimono in luminous orange satin and burnished gold and white embroidery, with layered folds of brilliant satin all along the edges . . . spilling back from the neck to show a slender, pretty curve from the nape . . . and a glimpse of pale shoulders. . . . By Hanae Mori, of silk satin. At Evelyn Byrnes. Earrings by Arpad. Julianelli jewelled clog-sandals. Kenneth's geisha coiffure, combed into lacquery loops and coils. . . . Background: zebra rugs and sparkling glass in the very black-and-white living room of Mr. Christopher Chodoff's New York apartment. Sealed up and sinuous, opposite: the mermaid in the living room casts a cool, lovely light in a covered, faintly shimmered dress of pale sea-green brocade . . . high-waisted, straight-falling, with a long stole thrown over narrow, jewel-embroidered sleeves. By Sophie, made to order. Kenneth Lane earrings. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Necklace by Joseph Warner. Slippers: I. Miller. Coiffure by Ingrid of Michel Kazan. Setting, in New York, the apartment of Mr. Vincent Fourcade.

HORST





at home– fashions men adore

A pretty décolletage, right; ballooning sleeves in which gestures seem instantly more graceful; and a pale, lambent brocaded silk plaid that makes delicious rustly sounds when it moves . . . an enchanting teagown in pink and apple-green brocade shot with gold; pink satin cuffs and a pink satin sash tied just under the bosom. By Burke-Amey, of Bianchini silk. Sandor Goldberger ring. Both at Henri Bendel. Teagown: Neiman-Marcus.

Little white britches, above left, in praise of the girl with marvellous legs and a Rosenkavalier mood for the evening . . . gold-and-cream-white brocade with a long, shaped jacket through which the ruffles of a white silk chiffon shirt foam out in a charming eighteenth-century manner. By Helen Rose, in brocade of silk, cotton, and nylon. At Martha; Sakowitz.

Lovely curve of back, directly left, in a setting famously flattering to jewels of every kind . . . black velvet striped in jet, slashed to the waist, with a huge pink rose and satin ribbon tied above wide pyjama legs. By Catherine Scott of Jacques Verron velvet. Ciner necklace.

All: Henri Bendel. Dress also at Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Herbert Levine mules. All coiffures and hair ornaments: Kenneth.

HORST





at home–
fashions
men adore



Enter floating, left, in a toga of pale-blue silk crêpe that flows like talk through a room . . . pyjama legs rippling . . . panel falling away from the body to show a bare, fitted bodice. Made to order by Arnold Scaasi. Castlecliff earrings: Lord & Taylor. Coiffure: Ingrid of Michel Kazan. Background: the Saint-Subber house. Golden moments in the Turkish corner, above right: close little bodice in gilded turquoise with gold fringe looped on a bare midriff . . . narrow pants shining through an overskirt. By Gene Shelly, of Avisco rayon knitted with Lurex gilt threads (Berman fabric); $235. Frederick & Nelson. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Charles Elkaim bracelets. Herbert Levine clogs. Setting: a splash of fur on red-tile floors in Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cohen's New York house. The fur dinner-suit, right: gleaming white broadtail cut simply as a button-down and worn like the most luxurious workshirt— collar open, tails out over pyjamas of black wool jersey. By Trigère. Shirt of Lammoiré white-dyed broadtail-processed Argentine lamb, by Trigère for Alixandre. At Evelyn Byrnes. Star of Siam necklaces: Henri Bendel. Jack Gilbert bracelet. Capezio clogs, to order. Coiffures, this page: Kenneth. Photographed at Mr. Christopher Chodoff's apartment.

HORST

VOGUE PATTERN 6644 VOGUE PATTERN 6621

Golden girl in a cage of spangles, above—two layers of golden net glittering with thousands of gilded sequins . . . with drawstring neck, a slash that bares the length of one leg. Lined in nude nylon marquisette. Vogue Pattern 6644. Apex Art bracelet: Bonwit Teller. Seraglio pyjamas in golden lamé, right, to captivate the caliph at home. A top with a deep funnel collar, full cuffed sleeves; worn with billowy chalwar trousers cuffed on the ankle. Lamé of rayon and metallic threads. Vogue Pattern 6621. The jewelled hand—Joseph Warner's torrent of brilliants, to order: Altman's. Golden babouches dangling rhinestone balls from turned-up toes: Herbert Levine. Both pages: Gladstone fabrics. Kenneth coiffures. Setting: the Christopher Chodoff apartment. Pattern details, page 167.

VOGUE PATTERNS

HORST

at home–
fashions
men adore

Chanel–
her famous
new dinner
pyjamas

Surprise collection of surprise pyjamas—in straight, wide, nightstruck Chanel form: great mid-season show in Paris this autumn, great mid-night show in cities all over this winter. *Far left:* Fly-apart cardigan, fly-away bow; very much at home, whenever you are, with luminous pale pyjamas—one-piece and strapless in gold-threaded beige silk lamé damassé. *Centre:* Jacket closing on the side, on the fly, and pants side-striped in a ribbon of gold lamé—light-shining silk dinner pyjamas, of greige and gold-embroidered lamé damassé. *Right:* Natural silk shantung pyjamas surprisingly à la russe—with fuchsia and navy-blue braid laid on thick and marvellous. Both pages: Chanel jewellery and evening sandals.



MICHELANGELO'S DAVID

MEN AND

TAPE-TALK STRAIGHT FROM A FAMOUS DOCTOR

"All right," say any number of American husbands to their wives, every living day these days, "You've got everything going for you when you need it—hairdressers, wig-makers, makeup specialists, face-lifters, and now pills to keep you young. But what are they going to invent for me?" The answers thread through the following tape-recorded interview with a doctor whose specialty is dermatology, whose medical acquaintance and interest are wide, and whose scholarship makes him—in the opinion of his colleagues, and in our book—both a brilliant resource and friend. A man to whom one can say whatever is on one's mind, and expect in turn a wise and worldly reply, he is indeed a very cool doc. . . . The questions raised and the answers given follow here. . . .

Men in their sixties are still generally considered romantic figures, even as movie leads—whereas women in their forties are often relegated to matronly rôles. Why is this?

Men change very little between forty and sixty. Look at the screen actors. Cary Grant, Crosby, Jimmy Stewart. There does not exist in men the sharp change in hormonal activity that occurs in women. Some changes do occur. A decrease in function of the adrenal glands. Certainly a decrease, but slow, of the function of the testes. But not like that abrupt stoppage of activity of the ovaries which, generally, in women of forty-five to fifty-three, causes a radical change in function and hormonal level over a period of one to three years. Some women definitely need support at that age.

Is there available to men anything comparable to the age-postponing pills for women?

No, the question of replacement therapy for men is a quite different matter. In men, the tapering off is gradual and extremely variable. What we do know is that this tapering off occurs much later than in women—you certainly know of men who have fathered children when they were in their seventies. I'm not an authority in this field, but I do know that no replacement therapy has been devised to any significant extent.

Some dermatologists and plastic surgeons have been giving silicone injections to women to lift out facial lines. Has this any application to men's looks?

The use of silicone, or the Sakurai formula, as it's known, is not yet approved in the United States by the Federal Drug Administration. Treatment consists of a subcutaneous injection of silicone in a specific locale—say furrows between the eyebrows. This plumps up the skin, thus raises out the furrow. Still experimental, this thing is something the American medical authorities want to watch carefully. At present, only those designated as "specialized

THEIR LOOKS

investigators" are permitted to use silicone in this way, and we do not use it for everything and everyone—but there's no reason why a man would not be as likely a candidate for it as a woman might be. . . . You may have read reports in some of the foreign press about other uses of the Sakurai formula—for instance, for fortifying the genital organs of men. This is said to be in experiment in Japan, where possibly—or at least my presumption is—the old-traditional public bathing might make it matter to a man. I know of no such use of it in the United States, and in view of the limitations placed upon the silicone injections at present, I would doubt this particular application of the formula is being investigated here.

What about the hormone treatment reported to keep men from losing their hair?

Here I am going to take issue. At the end of last year, as you remember if you read the newspapers at that time, Dr. Christopher Papa and Dr. Albert Kligman, of the University of Pennsylvania, published an article which said that rubbing testosterone propionate—which is a male hormone—into the skin apparently caused some regrowth of hair. Well, now: they were careful. What they said was that it grew back about ten per cent of lost hair and was certainly not a panacea but it was a lead to the possibility of regrowth of dormant follicles. The people in the study reported by these doctors did not grow any spectacular amount of hair. They only regrew a few hairs, some scattered hairs, according to the photographic documents.

But if there was some growth, why do you say you take issue?

Most male hair loss is something which we call male-pattern alopecia. When men lose their hair in this way, they do it under the influence of their own internal male hormones. They lose it characteristically in the M-shape of the forehead, at the top of the M's and at the crown, and also somewhat diffusely on top of the head. We always believed this was due to the male hormones' inhibiting effect on the hair roots which have *the proper genetic background* for being so influenced. And there is proof for this. It is proved by the point that eunuchs do not lose hair no matter what their ancestry is. However, if you give male hormones to these eunuchs—eunuchs who have been castrated in their youth—those who come from a genetic stock where there is a pattern of hair-loss promptly lose their hair. So, for male-pattern hair-loss, which is far and away the major form of male hair-loss, two factors must exist. There has to be a genetic basis for hair-loss, and, at the same time, there has to be the triggering off by male hormones. The activity of the male hormones is basic; and to demonstrate how the triggering off can work, consider what male hormones can do to women. If you give women the male hormones, you can cause hair-loss in these women. The male hormones can make hair grow in the beard area of a woman, they can make hair grow on the rest of a woman's body, but on the scalp they have the opposite effect: there the hair falls. You surely know that very often men who are bald at a young age have a fairly profuse amount of hair on the rest of the body. The hairy men are often bald. This does not mean these men have an excess of male hormones. It just means that their roots are more susceptible to male hormones. We have not found an excess of male hormones in these men. We have not found an excess of male hormones in balding men or in balding women. So we have to accept the theory that the hair root is more susceptible to normal amounts of male hormone and that the scalp hair's growth is thus inhibited. Now what makes this interesting is that the doctors who rubbed testosterone propionate into the scalps, and published the famous report, were having a result that runs counter to our expectations. We know that rubbing male hormones into the skin causes some regeneration of the skin—some increased activity of the skin. It pushes the skin to grow more vigorously. Therefore it is quite possible that the slight regrowth of hair reported is simply a part of the effect that occurs when skin is rubbed with male hormones—that it is like fertilizer on the skin, but does not change the general pattern at all. Subsequent studies under other auspices have taken place. Using the hormone on only half of the scalp, other investigators tried to reproduce the Papa-Kligman results—and apart from a few scattered hairs that appeared relatively soon, these investigators were unable to show any regrowth after a period of six months. So I leave the question open to you: would you say, on this evidence, that rubbing male hormones into the scalp makes the hair grow?

What about hair transplants?

Quite a lot of people undergo transplantation of hair. You're familiar with the technique. You take hair from the back, where the hair is permanent; you take the hair and the skin together. It's a minor surgical operation. It's called the Orentreich technique, named after Dr. Norman Orentreich, who started the work in about 1957. I do this work, too, and quite a number of people come to have it done. Location has nothing to do with hair-growth—in this sense: you can take the hair roots from one area and put them in another area, and they retain their own characteristics. They don't take on the characteristics of the area where you put them. You can take a piece of skin from the forehead where hair is due to fall in a man, and put it on the back; it would fall anyhow. On the other hand, you take a piece of skin with hair from the back of the head and put it in the front, and it will continue to grow while all the hair around it falls. This is the principle of hair transplant. You take little plugs of hair and skin, plant them in little holes and they stay there. They grow normally. This technique doesn't do much for women, by the way, because women have an entirely different pattern of hair-loss; theirs is diffuse. In women, hair *thins* out; they don't lose hair in the balding pattern so you wouldn't know where to put

(Continued)

MEN AND THEIR LOOKS

(Continued from preceding page) the hair.
In a man, what you do is re-establish
the hairline in the areas where it will be,
predictably, lost. For a woman who has a scar,
of course, the transplant idea makes sense,
because a scar is not indicative of hair loss.
It's an entirely local situation.

Will there ever be a pill that can stop beards from growing?

I'm afraid not. A pill like that
would create quite a commotion internally.
I don't think we could ever separate
the beard-growing from the other
hormonal effects that such an approach
might result in.

What about hormones used to prevent acne?

There has been enough published on this
to say that it's an accepted mode of treatment
for acne. But I don't want to go into this
because it applies *only* in selected cases—
and you have to choose the method for each case.

Do you interpret all this interest men are showing in their looks as a trend toward feminization?

I don't see it in my office. The men
who come with skin or hair problems don't
strike me as motivated by feminization—
on the contrary. There are a large number
of men who are terribly concerned about hair.
But what's changed is the atmosphere.
Now, they feel that they can do something
about solving this problem, and if
they feel like it, they don't hesitate
to get toupées. Not a day passes
that I don't see a hairpiece—while this
used to be quite unusual. There is
a tremendous emphasis on hair, now. Hair
is of paramount importance among
adolescents now—you can't go out without
seeing adolescents preening themselves,
combing themselves, setting their hair.
You look at them in the buses, the subways.
They're always preening. But this preening
isn't necessarily a part of a process
of feminization—it seems to be
more related to what you might
call the Samson mystique,
their notion of strength.
A number of newspapers,
incidentally, have
carried accounts of
a new form of skin disturbance
called "Beatle Skin."
This is acne,
severe acne, of the forehead,
resulting from the increased oiliness
of the skin surface from the curtain
of hair hanging there. Although women's skin
is pretty much the same as men's,
there is somewhat more oily activity in men.
There is more activity in men certainly
between the ages of fifteen and fifty.
They produce more oil and more sebum
than women do. And they also produce
more perspiration, except in the pits of the arms.
Again, this is due to the higher levels
of male hormones. Male hormones
control secretion of sebum, secretion of oil.
Extra perspiration is usually due
to higher metabolism in men. They have
a more active metabolic rate.

Do men have skin problems comparable to those of women?

I believe that especially in America, where men
were pioneers, and where the frontier
was always present as a challenge, the concept
of a man looking rough—and the more
rough-looking, the more manly—became
a strong tradition that's still with us.
A few lines or a few irregularities in men's skin,
or changes in their pigmentation, have never
been causes for alarm; on the contrary, a man
feels he looks more male. I'm not speaking
of diseases like acne which cause scarring
and blemishes, because men are *then*
just as concerned with their skin as women are.
Acne is primarily an adolescent's disease,
but a number of men continue having it
in post-adolescent life, just as women do,
and for some reason, there are some
racial characteristics to that. The Anglo-Saxons
are less likely to have it than the Southern races.
The latter have more oil gland activity,
and are consequently more subject to acne.

What about the lotion that turns the skin tan without sun. Is this harmful to the face?

No, it is absolutely safe, benign. It is
a *colour-increasing* agent, which,
unlike a suntan, is not melanin-increasing.
All it does is cause a colour reaction
to take place on the surface layers
of the skin. I've even prescribed it—
it seems to work best when the formula
includes both the colour-increaser
and a moisturizer. It doesn't last long,
you know; unless it's reapplied
every few days or so, it wears off.
My women patients use it
on their legs very freely.

What about men's skin, sun, and skin cancer?

There seems to be more skin cancer in men
than in women. And we feel this is mostly
because of increased exposure in men.
They are outside more often; they play
more sports than women do; and, because
women worry more about getting weather-
beaten skin, they are careful to use more
sun-protective creams on the exposed areas.
Basal cell cancers apparently are related to
skin colour and proportional to the degree
of sun. If you compare the rate of skin cancer
in Miami to that in Detroit, you can relate it
almost exactly to the amount of sun exposure.
Men would have less skin cancer
if they were less careless about using
protective sunscreen lotions, and if they
wore hats when they played golf or went boating.
With the increase in leisure time,
it's likely there will be an increase
in skin cancers too.

Is acne more prevalent in young boys than it is in adolescent girls?

No, I think the distribution is
approximately equal. Boys resist treatment
and are less motivated. Of course,
they nonetheless develop considerable
psychological difficulties when they happen
to have a bad case. They can be
extremely sensitive at seventeen years of age
or so. I've seen severe changes
of personality not only in girls but also
in boys. They go into withdrawals. They don't
get along with their parents. They are criticized
by their parents and they feel their parents
work against them. They even resent coming to
the doctor, although that's essentially
what they want. So they're no different. Girls,
insofar as reactions go, are concerned;
but boys tend to be more defensive.
This no doubt comes from the concept that if
you take care of your skin, you're sissified;
it's a girl's approach, they think.
And especially at this age, fifteen, sixteen,
or seventeen, they resent having to take care
of their skin. Men carry on this way, too,
but less than boys. They realize they need help
and can have it, but it's still
annoying to a man. He tends to repress it,
but the problem is there.

Would you say that some of the very specialized skin products coming out for men might become something all men use eventually?

I don't know how far you can go with men. I'm sure, in the field of perfumes and skin softeners, the receptivity will increase. But I don't see demand for the extremely specialized products. The men who come to see me come with a definite problem. I have a great number of *women* who come with the question: "What shall I use for my skin?" They really have nothing wrong with their skin. They're interested in a skin-care program. And no man has ever asked me for that. I don't recall an incident when a man asked me: "What shall I use on my skin?" When men come for a consultation, there is a specific defect they want to correct. Or they have ingrown hair when they shave, or they get irritated when they shave, or they get pimples when they shave.

What can a man do about chronic shaving irritation? Is it true that a skin cream, used nightly, helps prevent this?

I have a number of cases of shaving irritation who can be helped by various combinations—and skin cream is one of them. They definitely can be helped by skin care. Another approach to shaving irritation is changing the method of shaving. In general, I find that an electric razor is considerably less irritating than a safety razor. A shift of razor type is something most skins respond to. There is an occasional case where switching from electric to safety razor helps—this is when the patient is better off on the daily soap and water routine than with the electric razor. Most often, people who have trouble with irritation shave too close. They have to shave close to look decent, and the blade cuts the top—cuts right into the irregularities of the skin. Some men have very tender skins, and no matter how lightly they shave, they get little red points which get infected. And after shaving several days in a row, they have to stop shaving. Then there's the ingrown hair problem when men who have curly hair shave too close and the hair doesn't come out. They stretch the skin and pull the tip of the hair out; when they let the skin go, the top of the hair retracts under the skin. And then, instead of growing out as it should, the hair grows under the skin and makes a little focus of irritation. To cure it, they have to switch to other methods of shaving. They have to learn to shave much less close; they have to use antiseptic preparations and soothing balms. And in some rare cases, I've had patients who did not respond to the generally-used methods and have finally submitted to total epilation.

By total epilation of the beard, do you mean electrolysis?

Yes. It takes a long time. I have one patient who comes from out of town every few months for electrolysis. His only other alternative would be to let the beard grow. But he is not in a position where he could do that, so he has chosen to have it all taken out. I have another patient who is in the educational field, and he chose to let his beard grow. He had the same problem, and I advised: let the beard grow. He looks like a maharajah; he looks fine.

Does the use of after-shave products have a therapeutic effect?

The alcohol itself—anything from fifty per cent to seventy per cent is about what most of these products contain of alcohol—does have an antibacterial and antiseptic effect, when the alcohol is about 80 proof. Almost all of the products run from 80 proof to 120 proof, and to some degree, they lessen the bacterial population.

When you use yours, or have yours compounded, do you make it smell nice?

Certainly.

Most of the dandruff shampoos are directed to a male audience—does this mean men have more dandruff than women?

I'm not aware of any figures. Among my patients, there seem to be both men and women with dandruff. I think there may be an equal division of the problem, but dandruff is more easily noticed in a man. He wears his hair shorter, and wears dark suits.

What about bathing habits? Do men have the same dry-skin problem women have?

Yes, but men tend to have less difficulty with dry skin because they have a somewhat oilier constitution. They also tend to take short showers rather than long baths, and they bathe *and* shower less than women do. Water and soap are primary causes of dryness of the skin. Sometimes it's quite difficult to get a woman who takes two baths a day—and there are lots of women who do this—to stop; to settle for one bath a day. She has dry skin. She itches afterwards. She finds the itching especially disagreeable on the legs. It's hard to get a woman not to take her regular two baths a day if she's used to it. But men, I've found, rarely take two showers a day. They take one, and it's likely to be a short one.

Have you any views about the relationship between liquor and the look of a man's skin?

Liquor tends to occasionally dilate blood vessels. Not always, just sometimes. Especially people of British or Scotch or Irish extraction. They're pale—and they're inclined to develop dilated blood vessels anyway. Coachman's skin, is what we call this. The English coachman was very fair; he was in the open a lot—and then he stopped at every tavern and had a drink. So he developed some red eruptions, prominent blood vessels. I have some women patients on whom I notice some similar marks, and I believe it is from over-drinking. Not social drinking, but alcoholism, real over-indulgence. As for the bloated face and the heavy stomach of the steady, heavy drinker: nobody knows exactly what the explanation for this is, but we believe that a drinker gets a type of overweight which is different from normal overweight. Alcohol may tend to build fat in locations that are not the same as those that result from overeating.

How do the effects of too little sleep show in the face?

In the drawn look with which we're all too well acquainted. And in bags under the eyes, of course. But we don't know exactly what's behind this. We know very little about sleep and the consequences of lack of it. But puffs under the eyes and over the eyes are not necessarily indicative of a lack of sleep. Allergies often express themselves in this way. And circles under the eyes are frequently hereditary. Heredity is profoundly influential in looks; in the characteristics of the skin, the tendency or non-tendency toward baldness, and of course in the overall structure.

What can a woman do to help keep her husband's looks in good shape?

If you mean looking young and feeling young, with his sense of private dignity intact, and his ego in good fettle, I think everyone would concur that love and admiration and spiritual support are essential to a man at any age, and especially as a man grows older. . . .



Nobody ever looked
like them before:
they're the Zingos
who bolted the pack...
crashed out of the
mould and smashed it
to smithereens...
invented their own
look, their own sound,
their own age...
knocked over
the establishment and
established
themselves for today.

THE BREAK

AWAYS

Lots of shiny vinyl; plenty of room to swing; clothes that zip up, pop on, and just go—Zingo!—that's how the Breakaways elect to look right now. Five minutes from right now? Whole picture could change completely—that's the nature of Breakaway-style: here today, adored today... tomorrow is another planet.

Zingo in a vinyl dress, left—all squared away and lickety-slick in a nifty little black-and-white tube pulled up short by rhinestone straps. By Joel Schulmacher, for Paraphernalia, of Cohn-Hall-Marx vinyl; about $50.

Hippest sea-legs, right—black vinyl sailor-pants sitting tight and low, belled as they go, shining all the way. With a lean, lacy black-wool halter-top, cut out in back. By Impact; junior sizes. Pants, of Cohn-Hall-Marx vinyl, $30; top $15. Stern Brothers. D'Orelli shoes.

Britches of navy-blue jersey, above—freeing Zingo legs for active duty... part of a three-piece suit that includes the yellow jersey blouse that's shown, a navy-blue jacket that's not. By Cynthia Sobel for Jr. Scene, of Heller wool; about $55. Franklin Simon. Belt: Canterbury Belts, at Bloomingdale's.

PENN

THE BREAKAWAYS

It's all Zingo for evening: no hooks, no ties...everything clings, swings, ready to orbit—Breakaway-style. By the light of the silvery plaid, left—biased slither of beige and black shot with silver...armholes cut away, skirt cut to burn up the dance floor. By Mr. Mort, in junior sizes; of acetate and nylon woven with metallic threads (Malcolm Marshall fabric). Dress about $70. At Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz. Navy-blue knit and stars above, above—tiny wool tube hung from starry little rhinestone straps; more sparklers zingoed around the top, the hem, up each side. By Mr. Mort, in junior sizes. About $50. Altman's; Hutzler's. No hooks, no ties, right—just clingy black ribbing to slide on like a sweater. Covered up in front, X'd out in back...with a ruffle of dots swinging above the knee. By Roberto Rojas for Stiletto; junior sizes. Antron nylon knit by Fair-Tex. About $25. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Joseph Magnin. All coiffures for the Breakaways on these four pages: Ruel of Coiffures Americana.





The dressing-room fur

Luxurious, beautiful, with a fascinating trace
of the barbaric . . . a great shaggy dressing
gown of wild Mongolian lamb, enchantingly
gentle in pale blue, with deep, crisp ruffles
of pale-blue taffeta, and a taffeta sash.
By Revillon. Ring by Jack Gilbert.
Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Alexandre coiffure.

PENN

"...and so perfumed that the winds were love-sick with them"

BY LESLEY BLANCH

Today, scent ranks among the luxuries. Once it was a safeguard, a measure of hygiene, if not a necessity. In particular, for those long aristocratic noses—Roman ones, pinched Tudor ones, high-beaked Bourbon ones, or the drooping, anteater-like feature which was so admired among the Empress Eugénie's other classic perfections. These were the large noses which, like small hands and feet, indicated breeding and centuries of evolution away from cave-dwelling. Only the mob remained pug-nosed, this being, we may suppose, one of nature's protective measures to diminish awareness of the generally stinking conditions of daily life. Thus today, as hands and feet grow larger, noses have seemed, for a time, to become smaller—perhaps because they are in the process of atrophy. This applies particularly to America where, with deodorants, "breathalators," air-purifiers, and air conditioners, noses are diminishing, even without the chopping and changing of plastic surgery. Indeed, were it not for the reek of gasoline, they might tend to disappear altogether from sheer inanition and become as obsolete as tails.

Genetically, perhaps the typical American "non-nose" type might also be an outcome of many mixed races, which gives no time for any one pronounced feature to take root. Inbred European aristocratic families still resemble their family portraits remarkably. This is particularly noticeable in England where the nobility and gentry of the countryside can still, generally, be distinguished by their high-bridged noses and jutting jaws. Sometimes a family such as the Sitwells continue the Plantagenet features uncorrupted through eight centuries. The Royal Family, who, beside Cecils or Howards are mere upstarts, stem in the main from a line of Hanoverian princelings and preserve, unmistakably, this eighteenth-century cast, so that any one of them, with powdered hair, could double for a dynastic forbear. In this case, their noses are less dominant, generally, than a rather heavy, moon-faced look, fresh colouring, and fine blue eyes. We see this type recur persistently—in Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, in the late Queen Mary, and something of it is to be traced in both H. M. The Queen, and her sister, the Princess Margaret, though here, it is deflected by a strain of Scots beauty inherited from Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother. But the Hanoverian type predominates once more in the Princess Anne. And were the Prince of Wales's Beatle haircut to be replaced by a white wig, his resemblance to one of his Hanoverian ancestors would, I think, be striking.

This is often called the age of the common man, but it might also be called the no-nose age. Earlier noses were kept in training by fearful assaults. Queen Elizabeth I buried hers in a clove-stuck pomander designed for self-defence. The *ton* who adorned Marie-Antoinette's *fêtes galantes* in the Galerie des Glaces had first to pass by the Escalier de la Reine, where on the splendid marble, human excrement accumulated. Until the middle of the nineteenth century, teeth generally blackened and fell out by thirty. Refuse rotted in the gutter and slops were thrown from the windows to breed fevers. Thus the use of strong perfumes, and fans, too, was a matter of necessity rather than coquetry. But now—now there are no more smells left, and very few noses worth the name either. The Duke of Wellington, who had an impressive nose himself, pronounced that large ones were said by those possessing them to denote strength of character, and I think it was the Baroness Blixen who remarked that they went with the capacity for tragedy, predicting that they will pass together into extinction, "for as our senses shrivel, so does our emotional and spiritual life . . . The middle-classes of our civilization," she said, "have obtained security and a bit of education, and where my dears are now their noses? With them, the word smell, even, has become an unseemly word." Could we then attribute our persistent enthusiasm for perfumes as a subconscious determination to preserve, at all costs (and costly it is) something of this dwindling sense? In any case we might as well set about justifying such a delicious indulgence on the grounds of stern necessity.

There is no ruling as to which race or climate most enjoys the use of perfume. Inhabitants of the tropics—where nature has been particularly generous in the matter of swooningly sweet vegetation—still employ overpowering perfumes. From a Floral Almanach for 1865—exactly a century ago, though I discovered it among my papers marked *Urgent*—I learn that the largest purchasers of French perfumes were the British, to the tune of 424 kilos a year, against America's 57. Tiny Haiti, growing, one would have thought, all the frangipani and patchouli and jasmine that particular age desired, imported 14 kilos, precisely the same amount as the vast Russian Empire, which, climatically, can have produced little but ambergris; thus all theories of supply and demand are confounded. But away from figures and dates; they only make ladies dry, as the riproaring Harriette (Continued on next page)

©COPYRIGHT: LESLEY BLANCH GARY

BEAUTY BULLETIN

"...and so perfumed that the winds were love-sick with them"

Wilson—no lady, and never dry—puts it in her Memoirs.

There are other, more up-to-date, more controversial aspects of *parfumerie*. Scent versus perfume, for example. Purists claim the use of the word "perfume" is vulgar—Non-U—and should be dropped in favour of "scent." This is one of the finer distinctions of English usage which must remain flexible. No one would deny that Lady Macbeth was a well-bred woman, however violent; moreover, she has come down to us speaking some of Shakespeare's finest lines—"all the perfumes of Arabia" still echoes nobly, and can not be dubbed Non-U. Perhaps the prejudice is ephemeral, and largely national, for while the Englishman prefers to offer his love a bottle of scent, the American settles for a gift of perfume. But both will be right in the act. Long before the Three Wise Men brought frankincense and myrrh to the manger, fragrance was an offering of love; so call it what you will . . . a rose by any other name . . .

A single bottle of scent holds centuries of tradition, chemistry, alchemy even. All history, all geography, the commerce and the mystery of the world are in its golden depths. The formula for one tiny phial may contain the essence of five continents. The raw materials—great tangled roots, unwieldy lumps of this, or sacks of that—are still conveyed across the wastes of Asia by caravans of plodding dromedaries, by painted Indian bullock-carts, by Nile boats, or the dog-sleighs of Siberia, for the frozen north yields up its own fragrances. Jet planes have not yet superseded all these traditional means of transport, nor have the synthetics in which this age wallows taken over entirely. Perhaps the curved flank of my scent bottle contains some triumph of synthetic chemistry, but I prefer to imagine otherwise: to recall the Valley of the Roses in Bulgaria, where, in early June, at dawn, the dew glitters over a whole landscape of fragrance and the pickers, themselves adorned with flowers, stuff sacks full of rose petals. Then I recall those heady wafts of spice which the breeze carries far out into the Indian Ocean as one approaches Zanzibar, "the island of cloves." While the island itself still lies like a blue smudge on the horizon, this pungent and lovely aroma is apparent, overcoming the tar, oil, and fish reek on the incoming dhow, transforming it to Cleopatra's barge. "Purple the sails, and so perfumed that the winds were love-sick with them . . ."

To the traveller—to the dawdler, rather, for this sort of transport is only for those who can afford the time to savour such shabby local means—one of the loveliest aspects of the East is the intoxicating scent which each new horizon reveals, and which the gasoline-loud tarmac approach precludes. Sharp or languorous, the siren scents entice us to palm-tufted shores. All along the Red Sea coast of Arabia, where the coral-built houses of the pearl merchants rise from glassy waters, myrrh forms a tangled undergrowth. One particular kind of gum arabic comes from another thorny vegetation, while locally they maintain that a most valued ingredient for perfume derives from the beards of goats browsing there.

It is the East above all which weaves perfume through its daily life and legend, using it variously, aware of its potent magic as much as its factual attributes. In the East, it can be a love-philtre, or a medicine; it casts spells, charms, or destroys, or simply soothes. But it is ever-present. Among the Arabic peoples a pot of sweet-smelling basil is often part of a café's attraction, for which the patrons call when they order their narghile or mint tea. It is considered lucky; it discourages flies and its aroma delights. At Brusa, the idyllic little Turkish town on the slope of the Bithynian Mount Olympus, there is a modest café beside the Green Mosque, overlooking far valleys spiked with cypress. Here the more conservative citizens gather at sunset, a silent concourse, each enclosed in his own reverie, savouring the plant as much as all the beauty around him.

Flora and fauna, landscapes beside history—these are the images conjured by perfume. Anecdote too. I recall reading that Tamerlaine's hordes, going into battle, were always issued a ration of strong scent. The young Comte de Montrond (Apollo and Hercules combined, said his jealous eighteenth-century contemporaries), when setting off to the wars, was asked by his valet: (Continued on page 166)



Mrs. Bruno Pagliai At Home

Life at home at its most intuitive, most romantic: Merle Oberon—Mrs. Bruno Pagliai at home—inspirits her house and every detail of life in it. Her house: the water-mirrored villa, *opposite*, vaulting sunwards from a rocky ledge above the Acapulco sea. Her swirling robe: one of a fabled collection designed to be worn in the house of her design. Mrs. Pagliai has created and worn these enchantments in her houses all over the world, and now, after many requests, she has brought together a special collection for others to share. She is seen here on the rim of the swimming pool in white crêpe catching the air in bias, billowed panniers. About $160. The collection, by Merle Oberon for Dorian-Macksoud, at Altman's.

NORMAN PARKINSON



THE WIT OF FASHION

BERT STERN

The wit of fashion...in the flash of an important jewelled bracelet...in the dangle of a frivolous ostrich-feather earring...in the clumping of rings on a finger ...in the engagingly daffy slant of a wig with a new young profile. Witty in themselves, witty in the wearing —that's the point of the accessories on these six pages. Turquerie dog collar, left: huge jewelled Paisley-like Persian flowers anchoring streams of tiny fake seed-pearls—eighty strands, to be exact...fascinating at night with bare-topped dresses. By Judith Green, about $100, to order at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. Stack of small rings, right: take little jewelled rings, pile them all on your little finger...out-ring Ringo. Here, gold-and-enamel bands—one green, one blue, one yellow—widened in front and centred with cross-strips of pavé diamonds. All, by Schlumberger of Tiffany. Sassooning coiffures, both pages: witty new wigs like cropped young haircuts, by Charles of Vidal Sassoon.



Handbag that really swings, below: and really sums up how a bag should look now ...swinging from the shoulder day or night, smaller, cylindrical in shape (a shape that's roomier than it looks). Here, black crocodile, smoothly curved; gilt-buckled straps. By Ben-King: about $250. Bergdorf Goodman. White mink jacket slit at the sides; buttoned sleeves, fly front. By Oliver Gintel, in Saga natural white mink. Blum's, Chicago; Bullock's-Wilshire. Pigskin gloves by Crescendoe-Superb: Bloomingdale's. Wig by Charles of Vidal Sassoon.



Racy gaiter, zebra stocking, above: back-zipped gaiters of white Corfam, by Evins; $55. To order at I. Miller. Zebra stockings by Bewitching. Checkered journey, above: snappy black-and-white shepherd's-check wool; 19" soft-pack, three compartments. By Lark. About $50. Saks Fifth Avenue. Serpent-of-the-Nile allure, right: burnished skin, flashing jewels...bracelets of gold, jewels, brilliant enamels; Egyptian motifs. All by Erwin Pearl for Veneto 57. Makeup: a blusher, luminous Spumante Rosé, over all. Bianco cream stick eye shadow. Riviera Beige lipstick. . . . All, by Princess Marcella Borghese. Coiffure by Marc Sinclaire.

THE WIT OF FASHION

BERT STERN





THE WIT OF FASHION

Ostrich-feather whisks, facing page: a charming young brush with fantasy, swinging from brilliants and mock pearls. By Smith St. Jacques; $25. At Henri Bendel. White glacé leather gloves by Crescendor-Superb: Lord & Taylor. Sassooning wigs, both pages, by Charles of Vidal Sassoon. The big bold watch—with a smashing striped band, left... 1. Round 14-karat gold watch; tuck-in money clip in back. 17 jewels. Regimental striped band. By Concord. $318. 2. Twin of the timepiece that rode the Gemini 5 capsule: Bulova Accutron "Spaceview," run by a tiny transistor. $135. 3. 18-karat gold pocket watch—now out of pocket, on wristband—purple stripes. 18-jewel Swiss movement; gold numbers. By Patek Philippe. $805. 4. Wafer-thin automatic watch; needs no winding. 18-karat gold. 30-jewel Swiss movement. By Piaget. $960. 5. White-faced watch with a plastic crystal, transparent back—see the wheels go round. 17-jewel Swiss movement; striped kidskin band. By Juvenia. $95. 6. Stainless-steel chronograph and stopwatch; records hours, minutes, seconds. 17-jewel Swiss watch. By Rolex. $187.50. 7. Patek Philippe chronograph with 23 jewels inside, functional steel outside. Swiss movement. $568. All watches at Tiffany. Over-the-shoulder evening bag, below: little white capeskin cylinder Paisleyed in jet and brilliants. By Ben-King; $100. Saks Fifth Avenue. Schreiner jet and mock-pearl ring. Beaded black sweater: Gene Shelly.

BERT STERN





snapdashio prints

For the sun and its followers, the early come-on-down lures of the next sun-clothes, starting here with four of the sunniest—all marvellous in fiery flares of colour, all from the Italian boutiques. On these two pages, flashes from Ken Scott—an Italian-at-heart whose boutique in Milan is filled with his own prints, designs, snapdashio. Bikini and shawl of sunny Paisley, opposite, strong yellow shaded by brown and black—with a trail of the same fabric skirting the sand. The big shawl that covers bareness, edged in long swings of black fringe. Bikini and shawl, at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Gypsy shirt and skirt, above, printed in a crowd of sun-cast flowers on black. Open collar, full gathered sleeves, a long skirt. Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. On these and the next two pages: the glowing possibilities of Sun Souci bronzing foam by Estée Lauder; backgrounds around the villa of the architect, Michele Busiri Vici, at Circeo, south of Rome.

blaze to the south

HENRY CLARKE

snapdashio

Asymmetric hemline, left, part short, part long —an Italian beach fantasy of cotton jersey with geometrics in big slanting shapes of green, lavender, pink, the boldest bands of black. This, one of the sunny treasures from the boutique of Avagolf, in Milan. Shift, at Bonwit Teller. Sun-coloured caftan, right, a bright blow of yellow cotton—long and full, with small shoulders and long widening sleeves, a fling of red and yellow scarf to cover the head. From the Italian boutique of Ken Scott; at I. Magnin.

sun covers

HENRY CLARKE





NEW VERVE FROM FINLAND

THE MARIMEKKO IDEA—BOOTS, SHOES, THE WORKS

Pure of line, true of colour, bold of spirit: the Marimekko idea is modern young Finland to the life. . . . Stark, easy, happy designs snapped out with punch and backbone . . . springing up like a fresh wind in everything from fashion to pillow slips, toys to table linens, candles to houses. . . . The news now from Marimekko, starting here —shoes and boots, and a collection of clothes, all designed specially for Vogue, and photographed in Finland on Finnish models. In the background on these two pages: grounds around the country house, near Helsinki, of Armi Ratia—the remarkable woman who is founder and director of Marimekko.

Dress in waves, crisscross clogs, above, of heavy cotton, hand-printed (as are all Marimekko fabric designs) in brightest yellow, darkest blue. The dress printed in waves, short and small with wide neck, deep armholes. About $45. Clogs with black lacquered wood soles, laced to the knees in yellow-and-blue striped cotton straps. About $15.

Side-slit bikini and boots, opposite, of black-and-white fish-scales, hand-printed on cotton. The top, high at the neck, slanting low at the sides—showing a hint of bosom; the pants, with horizontal slits. Bikini, about $35. Boots of the same fabric, zipped up the back, with soft bright-yellow soles. About $20. Everything by Marimekko; at Design Research; Neiman-Marcus. For notes on Helsinki: page 61.

GORDON PARKS





THE MARIMEKKO IDEA

Blanket-boots, opposite above, cut from handwoven wool blankets in pink-and-orange parquet print, with laces up the back . . . stacked heels. About $60. The wearing of the blanket, opposite below: tiny top, wide-legged hip-pants cut from the same wool as above. About $80. . . . Quilted ankle-boots of shocking-green suèded calfskin; black stacked heels. Leather by Leather's Best. About $35. Shiny new stripe of Oxford, left: good honest walking-shoe shape all slicked up in blue patent leather, yellow kid stripes; solid little Marimekko heel of black stacked leather. Leather by Polypat. About $40. Plummy cotton knit stockings, about $10. V for overblouse, green for clogs, above: black-and-white striped cotton top, V'd out front and back. About $15. Lacquered black wood clogs with parrot-green tops of suèded calfskin. About $15. Everything by Marimekko. Design Research; Neiman-Marcus. Setting: the reindeer-tundra of Finnish Lapland—a green-grey iridescence of moss, fern, rock.



THE MARIMEKKO IDEA

Huge black dots, left, printed on boots of white terry cloth, zipped up the back and elasticized to stay snug. The soles, black lacquered wood clogs with a little biscuit-sized heel. About $40.
Lace slipper, below, curving over the instep to a turned-up toe.
At the back, bareness over a flat black sole. Lace of black cotton. underlined with white cotton. About $25.
Black lace gaiter, right, a wonderful Finnish fantasy that fits closely as socks—elasticized, with a back zipper. A thong between the toes wraps under the foot. About $35.
Everything by Marimekko.
At Design Research; Neiman-Marcus.

GORDON PARKS

THE PRIVATE I

Dream on, Private I — nightdressing has never been prettier . . . transparent, blowy, flou as air . . . as on these six pages.
Side-wrapped white satin, left: a dream of a nightdress scalloped in white lace at every edge, held with narrow satin strings and a soft bow.
By Matej Sherko for Christian Dior Lingerie, in satin of nylon, rayon, and silk. About $35. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin.
The one-shoulder toga, right, filming the body with whiteness . . . rimmed in gold-brocade ribbon and wrapped to one side. Nightdress by Formfit-Rogers, of nylon tricot. About $14. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.
Coiffures on both pages by Marc Sinclaire.

HORST



THE PRIVATE I



Panels like butterfly wings, left, drifting away from a nightdress of transparent coral chiffon…the neckline is a shallow V in front, a dizzying plunge to the waist in back. By Galitzine for Van Raalte, in polyester crêpe chiffon. About $75. At Lord & Taylor. Coiffure by Raymond of Aurélien Lintermans. The layered chiffon poncho, right, a delicious skin-coloured sheerness blowing everywhere on the body… floating down to three petalled hems. By Perfect Negligée, of silk chiffon. About $175. At Elizabeth Arden, New York; Neiman-Marcus. The coiffure by Marc Sinclaire.

HORST





THE PRIVATE I

Ruffles, ruffles in the night, left: wide-legged pyjamas frothing from a tiny V-necked bodice, with a sleeveless top that ties at the front or the back... all the colour of bareness. By Beau-Sure, of Blue C nylon tricot (Beaunit fabric). About $30. Stern Brothers; Famous-Barr; Carson Pirie Scott. Coiffure by Raymond of Aurélien Lintermans. The quilted dressing gown, right, wrapping up the night life of the Private I... topaz satin quilting with a border of embroidery and a mandarin collar filled here with a soft little muffle of white mink. By Barbizon, of Eastman acetate and Bemberg rayon with Kodel filler. About $20. Abraham & Straus; Marshall Field; Buffums'. Long Beach. Coiffure: Marc Sinclaire.



HORST

WITNESS BEFORE A BAR OF SILVER

Has Vogue gone ape over silver? Yes. Could a glutton for silver want all these shining things? Yes, yes. Is it really silver? Some sterling, some silver plate. Is it new? Some new. Some old. . . . All marvellous looking. What does this collected dazzle mean? Everything here would add lustre to a well-equipped bar. Who cares? Anyone for whom the offering of wine or liquor is a graceful custom, not a routine dosing. What is the monkey doing? Sitting in a bowl with his tail in a pitcher, of course.

This page, from top to bottom: Wine cooler shaped like an outsized goblet, $45, by Reed & Barton, at Altman's. Cooling in it, a decanter that looks like a wine bottle with a silver collar and cork, $45, at The Jansen Shop. Two separable lotus-shaped bowls and a frog arranged inside each other to hold flowers (or, as here, swizzle sticks and sippers); the three parts, by Reed & Barton, are $27.50, at Macy's. Planted in the bowls: rope-twist swizzlers in two lengths, $13.75 and $15.25, and propeller-bladed champagne muddlers, $7.50; all these, all sterling, at Tiffany. Heart-shaped sterling sipper spoons by Gorham, $17.50 for a set of six, at Plummer McCutcheon. Left of, and below these swizzle-blooming bowls: antique—ca. 1810—Sheffield decanter coaster, one of a pair, $65 a pair, at F. Gorevic & Son. Sterling ice tongs, $7, at Christofle. A Georgian silver tea caddy/cracker box dated 1787, $750, at S. J. Shrubsole. Stag-headed stirrup cup in gilt-lined sterling, $120, at Tiffany. Sterling mixing spoon almost a foot long, $8.95, by Gorham, at Shreve, Crump & Low, Boston.

Opposite page, top row, from the left: Pitcher by Gorham, $35, at J. E. Caldwell, Philadelphia. Sterling bowl, nine inches wide, by International, $85 (not including the monkey from Java), at Altman's. Pint-sized sterling reproduction of a Georgian milk jug, by Lunt, $115, at Cartier. Under the jug, a warmer, $12, at Plummer McCutcheon; and a round sterling tray, by Lunt, $16.50, Cartier. In front of these, a sterling porringer, $14.75, by Towle, at Bloomingdale's.

In the middle row, opposite, from the left: Sterling ice bucket/wine cooler shaped like a butter tub, $390, at Tiffany. Antique English silver muffineer (nutmeg for nogs? Bloody Mary seasoning?), $100, at F. Gorevic & Son. English sterling wine taster, $50, at F. Gorevic & Son.

In the front row, opposite, from the left: Danish sterling corkscrew, $30, at Georg Jensen. Julep cup, $6.25, by Wallace, at Mayer's. Across the cup, a swizzle-jigger, $8.50, by Towle, at Bloomingdale's. Rectangular tray, $5, by Oneida, at Macy's. On the tray: hand-crafted sterling double jigger, $27.75, by International, at Altman's. Sterling oil can, to drop vermouth, $15, by Tiffany. Cylindrical mixer, $15, by Oneida, at Macy's.







MAIN BOCHER

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Main Bocher is as a great couturier, a spectacular anachronism—the world's last truly private dressmaker, with no boutiques, no sidelines, no copies. From these deliberate confines, this courtly, amusing man has, nevertheless, indelibly marked American fashion. In 1946 he invented the "nothing" dress—"four seams and a little band around the neck"—forerunner of the shift. He invented the theatre suit, and designed the most famous wedding dress in modern history, the Duchess of Windsor's. Born in Chicago, Main Bocher sideslipped into couture, studying sketching in New York, voice in France and Germany. In 1921, in Paris, a veer to fashion sketching led to his becoming editor of French Vogue. Pulled by the "strong, sensible, and exotic scent of haute couture," he opened a salon in Paris in 1930. Now, in New York, he works in a large, white-walled office (where he was photographed) lined with books and busts of musicians—apparently the province of a scholar or a scientist, with the truth tipped off only by dummies in one corner and rows of gleaming shears. From this office Main Bocher returns to an apartment he chose partly because, "There is light, space, a view," he said. "All my life I have wanted to be surrounded by vistas, space. I would like to think some of this sense of freedom comes into the clothes I design."

When I arrived, he was already sitting quietly at a table in the restaurant of the Berkeley Hotel in Paris—that rare kind of man who has the thoughtfulness to be early for an appointment. Gentleness, ease, charm: this was my first impression of Main Bocher, the great American couturier who has dressed the WAVES, the Women Marines, the Girl Scouts, as well as the world's most beautiful women, and who is famous among his friends as a host, as a man who knows food and orders it consummately well, as a common-sense philosopher of the table. Nothing could confirm better his reputation than the waiters' behaviour around us. All Main Bocher's wishes were anticipated; no need for him even to explain how he wanted his Martini. But he explained to me: "You skim the vermouth over the gin, for the flavour. And no lemon."

"If I were to dress a woman for her kitchen," he said, "it would be in a wide, sleeveless wrap (arms don't get dirty while cooking) in which she would be completely protected while stirring her sauces. It would have huge pockets, for quickly wiping off hands, instead of a towel. I think about these things. All my life I have wanted a kitchen vast enough to hold a dinner table for my friends and myself—a rough wood table that need only be scrubbed. As I live in an apartment in New York, it's too late to accomplish all that. Still, I don't dream of Paradise, I dream of that kitchen.

"I see a red-cheeked cook in it, passing the food directly from the saucepans and the roasters to the plates. No silver salvers for the food to cool on. When I was a child, my mother would always say, 'Please start, or it will get cold.' *That*, to me, is manners, not 'Wait till everyone is served.' I hate dishes that are lukewarm when they should be hot, just as I hate a fruit in slices when it could be eaten whole.

"No, I am not a cook. But I have eaten my way to a knowledge of food. I like to think I share some of the qualities of a great friend of mine, Mrs. Cole Porter, who had the most marvellous food in the world. She once ate rice pudding every day for three weeks until her cook made it the way it should be. I first learned about food as a child in Chicago, from my mother. She cooked by instinct, without recipes, tasting from time to time, adding a bit here, a bit there. In winter her specialty was gingerbread. Her secret was to work the dough for a long time and leave it overnight in the snow. Her cooking was part of a whole American way of life. She liked baking pies, cakes, cookies, making huge breakfasts. When we first lived in Paris, where I was sketching and studying singing—I have been a jack of many trades—she made wonderful Boston baked beans for me and my student friends. And pot roasts, and wilted lettuce, and mashed potatoes light as whipped cream.

"Once I made a little money, I began discovering Paris restaurants. My favourite on the rue Royale was Larue, which today has been replaced by Queenie, a snack bar. I always entertained my friends there. I can still taste the foie gras, the chicken in pâté, the *figues amarante*. When my mother moved to the south of France, I had Tonkinese servants who cooked the most subtle French food. For a luncheon party I would have a *pain de navet*, a turnip pudding, exquisitely light, with a sauce of Gruyère cheese; then a *paupiette de veau;* for dessert perhaps a melon or *fraises*. But I never forgot I was American.

"I like meat, fish—I have a weakness for soft foods, soufflés, mousses, pâtés—the most exquisite thing I have ever tasted was a Chinese egg, a miraculous new taste, with a texture a little like pâté de foie gras. It was said to be three hundred years old. In Paris I find the best food often in small bistros—La Boule d'Or back of the Gare de l'Est, where they serve a wonderful fish poached in white wine, and with it the same wine that went into the sauce; and for dessert, the largest *framboises* in France. . . . I like Le Cri de Paris, for its *boudin*, a blood sausage, and a little restaurant near Chantilly for its *pommes Anna*, very thin, with truffles between the slices. In New York, *my* bistros are of a different sort—La Côte Basque and Le Pavillon which has the best *mousse de sole* in the world."

Although Main Bocher has lived in New York for the last twenty-five years, his city still is Paris—"I walk out under the *marroniers* and just the air fills me with ideas." Reminiscing about the twenties, when he was editor of French Vogue, he told me his favourite food story. "I went to see Colette to ask her to do a series of articles for the magazine. She was a little suspicious of me. 'Can I write about anything?' she said. 'If I wrote my first article on how to make *boeuf bourguignonne*, would you publish it?' 'With the greatest pleasure,' I said. At that moment our friendship began. The magic of the woman. When one reads her books, one senses she knew all the aromas of life and all those of cooking.

"One night Colette and I had dinner at Larue. As we were celebrating some sort of award she had just received, the restaurant

made a special menu for us, with everything on it 'à la Colette' or 'à la Mainbocher' . . . *sole à la Colette . . . boeuf à la Mainbocher.* When we had finished the meal and had wined like a king and queen, Colette amused herself by guessing the ingredients in the sauces. Little by little, all the personnel of the restaurant crowded around: Charles—the maître d'hotel—the sommelier, the waiters, and finally, from the kitchen, the chefs. Everyone listened to what she said. One by one, the lamps went out, first those of the restaurant, then those outside in the street. There remained only the light on the table where we sat, surrounded by those men in aprons and high white hats. And when finally we went out in the street and walked away, we left behind only a spot of yellow light."

Mousse of Sole Pavillon
for six-eight

2 pounds filets of sole
4 egg whites, beaten stiff
4 cups heavy cream
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ teaspoon white pepper

Grind the fish three times with a meat grinder, using the finest blade. Let rest in a bowl in the refrigerator or for two hours in a bowl of ice. Then, little by little, add salt, pepper, heavy cream, and the beaten egg whites, working these ingredients into the fish with a spatula over a bowl of ice. Let the mousse rest half an hour, then pour into a buttered six-cup mould. Set mould in a pan of hot water and bake 1 hour in a 350° preheated oven. Wait 20 minutes longer before unmoulding. Cover with champagne sauce and decorate with a sliced truffle or two. Pass a lobster sauce and a rice pilaf.

CHAMPAGNE SAUCE

3 cups fish veloute: cream sauce made with fish stock
½ cup heavy cream
¾ cup champagne
¼ cup fine champagne
2 teaspoons butter

Add the cream to the sauce and simmer to reduce and thicken the sauce. Add the champagne and put through a fine strainer. Place back on a very low fire and stir in the butter little by little, without letting the sauce come to a boil.

LOBSTER SAUCE

1–2 pound live lobster
4 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons butter
2 shallots
½ clove garlic
¼ cup cognac
¾ cup dry white wine
1½ cups fish fumet (concentrated fish stock)
1 large tomato, skinned, seeded, and diced
2 teaspoons tomato paste
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
Salt and cayenne pepper

Cut the lobster's tail into chunks, and split the head on its length. Remove the sack in head and put the coral and entrails into a bowl. Heat oil and butter in a large skillet. When hot, add lobster chunks. When red, add minced garlic and shallots. Flame cognac and add; add wine, fish stock, tomato, tomato paste, parsley. Season to taste. Simmer 20 minutes, covered. Remove lobster pieces.

4 teaspoons butter
1 teaspoon flour
¼ cup cognac

Add to the sauce the coral and entrails, finely chopped and the flour worked with half the butter and simmer 10 minutes longer. Stir in remaining butter little by little, without letting the sauce boil. Add cognac and serve.

Wilted Lettuce
for four

2 heads Boston lettuce
¼ cup green onions, minced
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
4 strips bacon
1 egg
¼ cup vinegar
½ cup water
Salt and pepper

Break up lettuce, toss with onions, sugar, and seasoning. Keep refrigerated. Meanwhile, chop the bacon finely and cook slowly in a skillet until crisp. Pour off all but a scant amount of the fat. Beat the egg slightly, add vinegar and water, and mix well. Pour over the bacon, cook slowly, stirring until the egg is cooked. Let cool and pour over the lettuce while still warm but *not* hot. Toss well.

Pain de Navet (Turnip Pudding)
with Gruyère Sauce
for six

2 pounds yellow turnips
4 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup hot milk
3 whole eggs
4 egg yolks
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
Salt and pepper

Wash, peel, and cut up the turnips. Simmer in a very little salted water and purée through a strainer. Place back on the fire and stir briskly to eliminate some of the water.

Meanwhile melt butter in a large saucepan, add flour, stirring until smooth. Cook on low fire 3 minutes without browning. Add hot milk, stirring briskly until thick. Season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Mix with puréed turnips. Beat whole eggs and yolks together in a bowl, and pour into turnip mixture. Beat with spoon to blend thoroughly. Season to taste. Pour into well-buttered six-cup mould. Preheat oven to 375° and bake pudding in pan of hot water for 45 minutes, or until firm and golden. Let rest a few minutes and unmould by placing a platter over the mould and inverting quickly.

GRUYÈRE SAUCE

3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups hot milk
½ cup heavy cream
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup grated Gruyère cheese
Salt and cayenne pepper

Melt butter, add flour and hot milk as in preceding recipe. Add cream. Season with salt, nutmeg, and cayenne. Add cheese, stirring until melted, but do not let sauce boil. Pour some of the sauce over pudding. Pass remainder in sauceboat.

The Private I

Sweet dream of a nightdress



Fresh on the nightdress scene—a flutter of white eyelet over pink batiste . . . rimmed in ruffles, shoulders winging out into tiny cap sleeves. With a shallow V neckline, a slit to the knee on one side, pink satin ribbons that tie at the waist. Nightdress by Saramae, of cotton. About $16. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. The coiffure by Raymond of Aurélien Lintermans.





Jeanne Moreau

(Continued from page 101)

"rest" she allows to remain dangerous. She wants the rest to be precarious, exposed to risks of unknown tomorrows. to the miracles of chance that make us open our arms and toss the assurances of yesterday to the winds.

In other words, the *élan*, the deep and obscure impulse, that carries Jeanne Moreau from day to day is love. Essentially, her art is an act of love. the act of a lover of love.

Sometimes this art is lived in solitude, but love that happens to find no object on which to alight is love for all that.

"An actress must be loved, must be wooed by love."

And she asked. "Will I be young forever? I can not do without love."

For Jeanne, love transfigures the act of acting; it becomes an act of generosity, a gift. She believes that what is called success must be. first of all. success in love. In order to please everyone, she must please one person. Anonymous success is arid; understood selfishly, it is insufficient. Success must be offered to a man, to love: "If I play tonight to please everyone, it is in order to please you." The legendary, necessary transfiguration of all things comes from love. A rôle is the alchemy that leads to another becoming. "When an actress is not wooed by love, it shows in her acting."

Love must be welcomed like a traveller. Love arrives. Leaves. Travels abroad in the world, alights here, there. Vanishes. Love must be treated with immense consideration. One must take lovers only with the greatest gravity. Transient, tremulous loves, furtive, fragile loves that crumble into dust the moment they appear are worthy, and a woman must wish for such loves. To have lovers: Jeanne uses the expression without any possible ambiguity. To have lovers is to hold one's own against the fearful flight of time. It is to make out of the squalls and monotony of time something quite else; it is the difference.

Sometimes Jeanne Moreau is

(Continued on page 159)

The Private I

A touch of marabou, a touch of mink



For evenings at home, *right:* a romantic robe of black cut velvet with the look of broadtail, plump cuffs of white-dyed mink. Shaped in front, falling straight in back; with a carved-out décolletage, six jet buttons down the front. By Lucie Ann. Saks Fifth Avenue; Woolf Brothers. Coiffure by Raymond of Aurélien Lintermans.



Champagne flowing in the life of the Private I, *left:* a dressing gown of crêpe fluffed everywhere with marabou . . . all the colour of champagne, pure flattery against the skin. By Robert Rosenfeld, in crêpe of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon (Julius Werk fabric). About $100. At Henri Bendel; Stanley Korshak. Coiffure by Marc Sinclaire.

Jeanne Moreau

(Continued from page 158)

afraid. All of a sudden, fear sweeps through her at the idea of what would happen, how it would be, if the waters of love were to roll back from life, and one were to see what lies on the sea floor. Then she draws the covers over her head and weeps.

* * *

Talent. What is it?

"I don't know what talent is," Jeanne Moreau said. "It presupposes craft. Talent, craft—I detest both those words. The moment you use them seriously—not just casually in conversation—they become just words. They lose all meaning."

"All right, but does the person who has no talent know that?"

"Oh, very soon. And he soon knows when he does have talent."

"If you had had no talent, would you have known that all by yourself?"

"Yes, I would have known."

It limits the definition of an actress's art, according to Jeanne Moreau, to introduce the notion of talent. Some different and larger terms are needed, according to her, to translate the kind of mutation (one of the possible terms) that must take place in an actress onstage. If talent is visible, then the mutation is not perfect. If, in literature, style is noticeable, if it does not make us forget that it's there, then it is not a good style in which to tell what is being told. The same holds for the art of acting. One has to have a talent for talent. The talent to see to it that the question never arises of whether one has talent or not. The talent to make the little difference between Jeanne Moreau and Jeanne Moreau disappear, the difference between the Moreau who played yesterday and the Moreau who is playing today.

Her heart pounds in front of the camera, as it did in the early days of her career.

"When I know that I'm on camera, something happens. I can't explain what, I've never never never found the words. But whatever the something is, it's exactly as it was when I first began to act. Exactly."

This "something" that must survive absolutely fresh, or else it silts up and suffocates, "for lack of a better word," Jeanne Moreau said, she calls "existing." Either you exist in a rôle, she says, or you must not play it. You go beyond the self, so that self is forgotten; you lose yourself in order to assume the inner rhythm, one might say the inner dance of another person. To do that, you must be utterly without modesty. Perhaps that's the whole of it—the ability that one person has and that another person does not have to drive out modesty, to empty himself, so that he can welcome "the other" in his place.

She believes that the contours of an actor's personality should be "fuzzy." An actor should be made of some porous "material." It is this state or condition which *is* his intelligence.

She is very intelligent. But she is always being intelligent in different ways, in response to the demands of her art. By this I mean, and let me say it again, that her mutation into the other person is so profound that even her intelligence can be modified. Malleable, multiple, she can be everything, can go, if necessary, from stupidity to lucidity, from torpor to sentience, from a nervous, breathless intelligence to a deaf, inexpressible vacancy. There is no one in France, I believe, who has such gifts as she.

I do not think that one can speak of her in terms of those "animal routes of the intelligence," by which the actor "works into" a part instinctively and refuses to "work it out." I believe that, on the contrary, all the women Jeanne has incarnated and will incarnate, all the eventualities, pre-exist in her. They are there at the outset, which explains her difference, her incomparable felicity.

Rôles are sleeping within her that she does not yet know she enfolds. She falls asleep and wakes up guttersnipe, queen, courtesan, Cleopatra, chambermaid, lover of death, sorceress.

Thus she challenges our notion of what the nature of the actor's personality is—goes even further, perhaps, to challenge our idea of personality.

(Continued on page 162)



THE GREAT LOOK

How to get it?

Begin with Marja

The brassiere that's tuned in . . . switched on . . . keyed to today's GREAT YOUNG LOOK. It takes a Marja to start you off right for the new season's clothes. They're both so different; Marja's "Diva" is really great . . . deep plunge, padded just right to lift you into young roundness, easy stretch straps, practically backless. Nylon lace, Dacron® fluff pads or removable push up pads. Yellow, nude, pink, blue, red, white, black. D, 7.50. A, B, C, 7.00. Try Marja's "Diva" today . . . see the difference in *Your* GREAT LOOK.

at the finest stores, or write

MARJA BRASSIERES • JACKSONVILLE, TEXAS

for the woman
who wants
everything



Rollarama®
roll-on perfume dispenser

Possibly the most effective perfumer ever created.. certainly the most convenient ...surely the most beautiful.

Women simply pour a dram of the perfume of their choice into the glass vial enclosed in the ROLLARAMA case.

If you know a woman who wants everything, take note: Silver-plated case with rhinestone-studded sterling silver ring... $5

André Richard
347 Fifth Avenue • New York

ROLLARAMA at fine shops everywhere, including . . .

Lord & Taylor/New York
Julius Garfinckel/Washington DC
Harzfeld's/Kansas City
I. Magnin & Co/California
Neiman-Marcus/Texas
John Wanamaker/Philadelphia

The Private I

Empire nightdress,
the widest décolletage



White moondrift of a nightdress cut out for flattery—a marvellous wide, low curve of décolletage, with a white satin bow where it dips to meet the high Empire waist . . . soft gathers at the back. By Beverly Vogue (no connection with Vogue magazine), of nylon tricot (Collins & Aikman fabric). About $11. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Chas. F. Berg. The coiffure by Raymond, Aurélien Lintermans.



The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Able to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares...someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

If not you...who?

You—or your club or office group—can give these things to Patricia or another needy Indian child through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. Your contribution of just $12.50 a month will provide a child with funds to buy suitable clothing, books and a cash allowance for school activities.

You will receive a photograph, a case history, and progress reports on the child you sponsor. You may also correspond with the child, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship. Won't you please help?

Founded 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut 06852

I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:
$ 12.50 a month ☐
$ 37.50 a quarter ☐
$ 75.00 semi-annually ☐
$150.00 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is a contribution of $_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip No._____

Contributions are income tax deductible. V-11—15-5

Private Wire from Everywhere

PARIS

The Drug Store Saint-Germain, in that extremely sensitive district, has brought about ten thousand curious people to this American-style store with only a few places to sit, which means that the customers, who stay for hours, coagulate practically from the time it opens until it closes at midnight. The decoration is nineteenth century as interpreted by a twentieth-century Russian, called Slavik, who has created an atmosphere, slightly outdated, warm, and a little erotic. (The Toulouse-Lautrec reproductions are those of the inmates of a brothel.)

A former pupil of Zadkine who signs her work Coonga has done six bronze giant mouths, six eyes, and six hands. For the mouths she used those of Bardot, Moreau, Sagan, Gréco, Dietrich, and Marilyn Monroe. Although the hands, disguised as capitals to hold up the ceiling, are of no one in particular, the eyes are those of Picasso, Camus, Belmondo, Duke Ellington, Gérard Philippe, and, for kicks, Robert Oppenheimer.

Masses of young people gather at the Drug Store on Saturday afternoons to organize their Saturday night parties; there the young fashions are seen. *Note:* The bourgeois come for diversion, the writers on their way to their publishers, the movie people after they have had supper at Lipp or a drink at the Flore. The place has everything —a restaurant, two bars, a pharmacy, tobacconist, presents, exotic food to take out, a theatre ticket agency, perfumes, and a movie house. Who can ask for anything more?

NEW YORK TO THE COAST

There seems to be a special code for movie buffs of old Hollywood movies; status depends on knowing just when to laugh, cry, respond. Young audiences apparently have been boning up on the flicks of the thirties and the forties. (Not Bogey.) To show expertise is what counts: When the passing of time is revealed by leaves blowing off a desk calendar, you *gotta* laugh. (Primitive cinematic technique.)

When Bette Davis in a screaming rage says to Leslie Howard, "I wiped your kisses off my mouth," the knowing ones practically stand up and cheer. Nothing, however, exceeds the relaxed, tolerant, "they-just-didn't-know" laugh as Leslie Howard diagnoses terminal tuberculosis by looking delicately and briefly into the Davis throat. The Kildare addicts almost split. At the New York Film Festival. everyone, including the non-status characters, laughed gently when the NRA stamp flashed on the screen. The whole bunch. even the seventeen-year-old ones, knew about the Depression, a non-movie.

BONN, LONDON, NEW YORK, ROME, ANY CITY IN SPAIN

The *coqueluche*, the darling of the women at private parties, is Trini Lopez who sings to his guitar the lovely "Lemon Tree."

ENGLAND

At the small dance (only six hundred guests) given by the Duke and Duchess of Rutland for the début of his daughter, Lady Charlotte Manners, what grabbed attention like a skyhook was the Vicomtesse de Ribes. all green chiffon and ostrich feathers with a tiara jetting from her hair like a circus pony's plumes or a bird of paradise. She and a small flotilla of other international tearing beauties took breaths away. For this party at Belvoir (pronounced Beaver) Castle in Lincolnshire, the attractive young Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava decorated a downstairs discothèque with jukebox and pink and beige wall hangings. Slow dancing went on upstairs.

RUSSIA

A French artist and writer, Philippe Jullian, came back from a three-week visit to Moscow and Leningrad with these notes: "I went there with the Irish Georgian Society, many of whose members live in castles much like the Russian palaces before the Revolution. The group was eccentric, kind, and determined to visit the churches and palaces without listening to a word of propaganda. [Editor's note: the Russians are too sophisticated these days to put out much propaganda to their visitors.] Leading the group was the Honourable Mrs. Desmond Guinness, born to a German title, who managed to charm an old professor with a combination of vodka and Irish fantasy. At the Palace Pavlosk, Lady Dashwood thought it looked rather like hers. When Mrs. Guinness saw the clothes of an empress, she said: 'Decidedly, my poor aunt should have worn a corset,' it rocked the guide." In addition, our French friend found that, since tips are not allowed, he did very well with chocolate bars and nylon stockings. Another friend, incidentally, thought that the best tip is

(Continued on page 167)

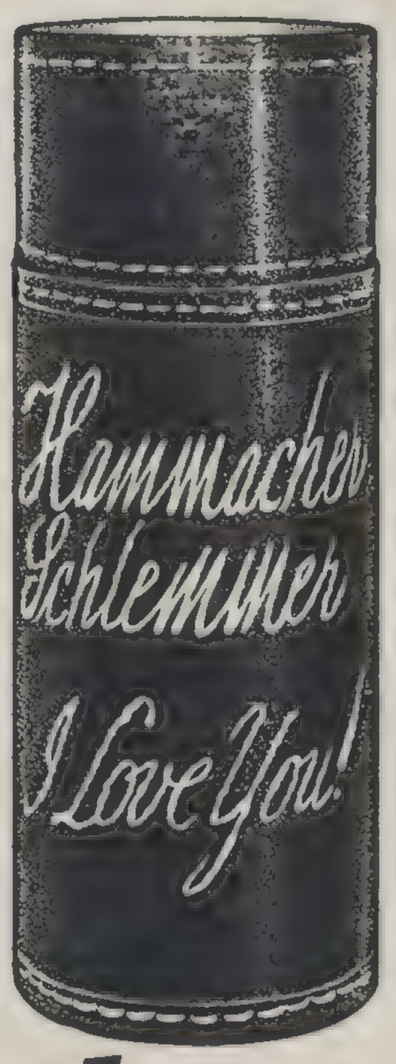


let's go Dutch

The way the Dutch do. With world-famous Bols Liqueurs. 29 flavors, one to suit every need. Sizes? Regular, and the neat new 8-ounce Host Size. Get several. The price won't pinch your purse. How about a Dutch treat tonight?

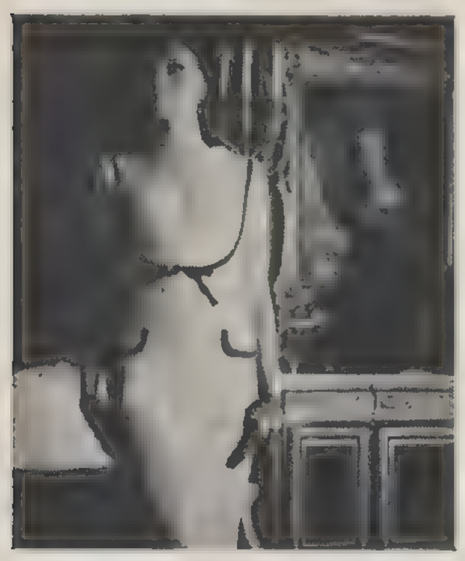


Product of U.S.A.



Cologne 8 oz..... 10.00
After Shave 8 oz.... 8.50
Hammacher Schlemmer
145 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

the architectural dress on page 9



SHANNON RODGERS FOR JERRY SILVERMAN

An elegant column of beige basketweave wool in a new silhouette that ever so lightly shapes the figure—defined with a ribbon of black or beige. Sizes 6 to 16. About $70.00 (slightly higher on the west coast). Hat by Halston.

New York, N. Y.....Bergdorf Goodman
Albany, N. Y.....Pearl Ingham
Altoona, Pa.....Meyer Jonasson
Atlanta, Ga.....Rich's
Atlantic City, N. J.....Homberger's
Baltimore, Md.....Hutzler's
Baton Rouge, La.....Gus Mayer
Beaumont, Texas.....Gus Mayer
Boston, Mass.....Chas. Sumner
Buffalo, N. Y.....Wm. Hengerer & Co.
Charlotte, N. C.....Montaldo's
Charleston, W. Va.....Peck's Inc.
Chattanooga, Tenn.....Pickett's
Chicago, Ill.....Chas. A. Stevens
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Gidding-Jenny, Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio.....Halle Bros.
Colorado Springs, Colo.....Montaldo's
Columbia, S. C.....Mary Lowe
Columbus, Ohio....F & R Lazarus & Co.
Denver, Colo.....Montaldo's
Durham, N. C.....Montaldo's
East Orange, N. J.....Doop's
Edina, Minn.....John W. Heller
Englewood, N. J.....The Engle Shop
Fall River, Mass.....Arline Booth
Flint, Mich.....Raymond Coughlin
Fort Wayne, Ind.....Fishman's
Greensboro, N. C.....Montaldo's
Hartford, Conn.....G. Fox & Co.
Honolulu, Hawaii.....Carol & Mary
Houston, Texas.....Battelstein's
Indianapolis, Ind.....L.S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Miss.....Gus Mayer
Lake Forest, Ill...Lake Forest Sport Shop
Los Angeles, Calif.....Joseph Magnin
Louisville, Ky.....H. P. Selman
Lubbock, Texas.....Margaret's
Memphis, Tenn.....Levy's
Miami, Fla.....Burdine's
Miami Beach, Fla.....Lillie Rubin
Milwaukee, Wis.....Hixon's
Minneapolis, Minn.....Harold's
Nashville, Tenn.....Gus Mayer
New Haven, Conn.....Esther's Inc.
New Orleans, La.....Gus Mayer
Norfolk, Va.....Nicholson & Marks
Norristown, Pa.....Helen Y. Fenimore
Oklahoma City, Okla.....Al Rosenthal's
Omaha, Neb.....Haas-Aquila
Peabody, Mass.....Chas. Sumner
Philadelphia, Pa.....Bonwit Teller
Phoenix, Ariz.....Goldwater's
Pittsburgh, Pa.....Joseph Horne Co.
Portland, Oregon.....Best's Apparel
Providence, R. I.....Martin Barnes
Richmond, Va.....Montaldo's
Rochester, N. Y...Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
Rockford, Ill.....Ursula Stuart
San Francisco, Calif.....Joseph Magnin
Santa Ana, Calif.....Patricia's
St. Louis, Mo.....Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Petersburg, Fla.....John Baldwin
Seattle, Wash.....Best's Apparel
Short Hills, N. J.....Doop's
Stamford, Conn.....Ethel Allan
Syracuse, N. Y.....Addis Co.
Towson, Md.....Hutzler's
Tucson, Ariz.....Cele Peterson
Tulsa, Okla.....Sadye's
Washington, D. C..Woodward & Lothrop
Wellesley, Mass.....Chas. Sumner
Whitefish Bay, Wis.....Peg Bradley
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....Lane's
Williamsport, Pa.....Lynn Hayes
Wilmington, Del.....The Purple Door
Winston-Salem, N. C.....Montaldo's
York, Pa.....Jack's

Jeanne Moreau

(Continued from page 159)

The current view holds that personality is nothing more than the preference or prejudice of one personality over another: a stubborn notion, but will it not one day be swept away like the ancestral pain of childbirth?

To talk about Jeanne Moreau the *person* seems to me the truer way to recognize her identity and to understand the power she possesses of abandoning that identity.

* * *

"I want to get away from the intimacy of films. When I've finished the commitments I've got, I'm going to do a play in London. On a film set you see very few people, and they're always the same people. In the theatre, the experience of coming in contact with the audience is renewed every night. I want to relive this. I'm going to do Cleopatra—in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*—with Peter Brook. I know I'll be terrified to set foot on a stage again. [Editor's note: Jeanne Moreau was trained at the Comédie-Française.] But I think I must, I think I have to go back and meet this fear and this problem again or I'll start picking up sneaky habits. The camera is no audience. You can always start all over again. It's less dangerous. One must dispense with this second chance, do without it for a while, be flesh-and-blood alive in front of a live public. Go back to this test."

"If you had to choose between the films and the theatre, which would you choose?"

After a moment's hesitation, she said, regretfully, "The films. After all, they've become my primary field of work."

"Suppose—just to play the absurd for a moment—suppose that the world were to go through a period of dreadful austerity when there would be no films and no theatre, then what would you do?"

This she refused to answer, because, she said, she can not imagine such a world.

Alain Resnais said to me one day, "It is possible to show everything, to make everything happen in the cinema. Except smells. Perhaps only the perfume of a woman can't be 'shown.'"

Can films not show the perfume of a woman? I am not sure.

* * *

The creature's transparency, a certain feathery lightness, makes one want to describe Jeanne Moreau concretely. She does not behave like a beautiful woman. She is prudent neither with her body nor with her career. She is free. Her face changes from moment to moment in response to the thought, the dream, passing behind it. The light that illuminates this face comes now from without, now from within. The face darkens sometimes, so that it is hardly recognizable. The eyes grow distant. Despair has passed this way, despair at having to stand by the choice she has made, but often a laugh comes to sweep it all away. The relation between eyes and mouth is exceptionally close. The same curve to the eyes and lips. One sees in both offer and denial. One never tires of looking at this face. This—as one would say of the Look—is the Face.

When one of us writes a film for Jeanne Moreau, we have the feeling that she eats and drinks what we have written, that it passes into her completely; she is as if punctuated by it. To hear her speak over the phone, without seeing her, is a miracle; you hear your commas rising from her throat, the circulation of your writing beats in the modulation of her voice. You know that this will continue in sleep. She will still be filtering, still separating herself from herself. Nowhere in her is that hideous void where things come undone. She moves steadily toward becoming what one wants her to be, both in essence and in gesture. I witnessed this fantastic osmosis five years ago (when she played the heroine in *Moderato Cantabile* which I wrote), and it is unforgettable. Did she recognize herself in her own mirror the morning we began to shoot? I do not know.

"I am pleased with everything," she said. "Everything I have I have wanted. To take leave of myself as I do has become something I could no longer live without."

TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE



TRADITIONAL FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The original and incomparable fragrance that means Christmas to millions throughout the world. Spray Bayberry Mist on trees, wreaths and decorations. Let its woodland scent add a pleasant freshness to rooms, closets, linens, bureau drawers. Christmas cards, gifts and wrapping paper are all the more "Christmasy" when Bayberry Mist is added.

Holiday packaged at $1.50 for the large 6-ounce aerosol, you can find Bayberry Mist at notion counters everywhere. A perfect idea for women on your Christmas list. A product of Andre L. Richard Company, 347 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

ATTENTION SUBSCRIBERS!

If you're moving, if you've missed an issue, or for any reason wish to write us about your subscription, you'll insure prompt service by removing the address label pasted on your magazine and attaching it here.

ATTACH LABEL HERE

Please tell us 6 weeks before you change your address. Print your new address below, making sure to attach your magazine address label.

MAIL TO:

VOGUE
BOULDER, COLO. 80312

NAME

NEW ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

The next VOGUE you see will be a special event:

Once-a-Year Gala for the Christmas Eye

- *More than 60 pages of colour*
- *An extraordinary Byzantine Nativity from Greece*
- *Exuberant baroque and rococo palaces photographed in the snow*
- *New fashion for the sun places photographed in Jordan and Syria . . . plus*
- *"A Rhapsody on Middle Eastern Themes" by Lesley Blanch*
- *A lighthearted mystery story by George Bradshaw*
- *The swans of England: photographs by Lord Snowdon*
- *Green flowers and herb trees*
- *The jewelled leg . . . the lotus foot: newest makeup idea this season*
- *The great beauties of the year*

Look for this special $1 issue . . . Vogue for December on the Newsstands November 30 . . . Give this issue of Vogue for Christmas



Think like a man -give British Caribbean

TOILETRIES FOR MEN

So says Our Man in London, Robert C. F. Bishop, creator of British Caribbean Toiletries for Men. "Spice & Lime Cologne is all man. Crisp . . . citrusy . . . refreshing. "It starts in the Caribbean, where we bruise the peel of fresh-picked limes . . . coax out the precious oils drop-by-drop (nature hides the truest fragrance in the peel) . . . then send it all to England for blending into Spice & Lime Cologne, Lime After Shave, new Lime Soap. The slender flasks are wrapped in non-slip braided sea-grass. Bay Rum, too... the world's finest, from Jamaica. All available in handsome gift boxes and combination gift sets, to please the hard-to-please on your holiday gift list."



from $2.50 to $17.50

ROBINSON-BISHOP, INC.,
1341 F Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004
LONDON • PARIS • MELBOURNE • KINGSTON • TORONTO

SHOP HOUND ADDRESS BOOK

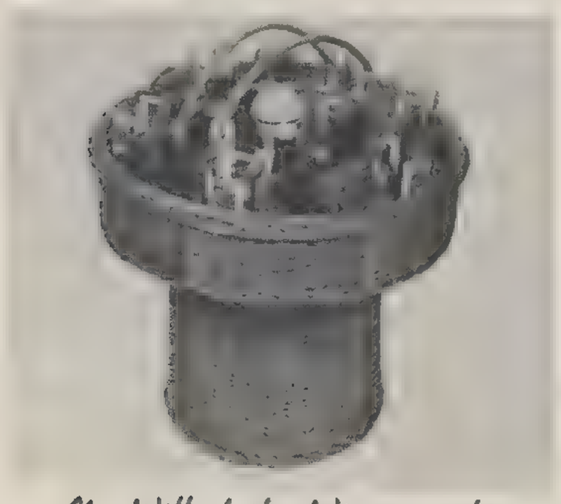


THE SILVERY LOOK

Such is the scintillating, silvery look of this coat for eventful evenings—fabric Mercury Kidskin lamé.
Colors: silver, gold. Sizes: 6 to 16
$90.00 includes tax and shipping charges

PEARL LEHRER

1433 Broadway, Hewlett, L.I., N.Y.



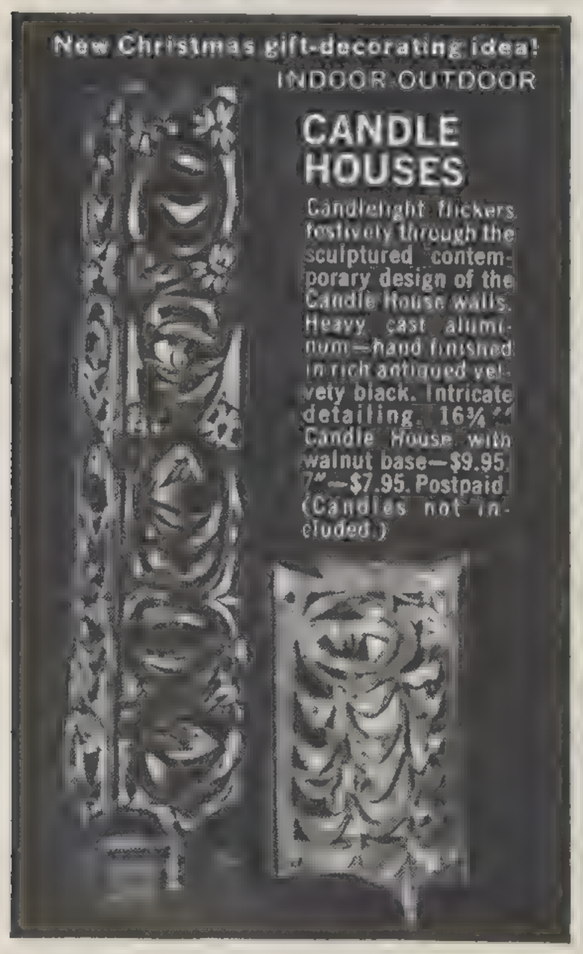
No Will o' the Wisp . . . this

PATIO CADDY!

It's very much in evidence—all 18 X 18½ inches of it. Now you can easily take your drinks to where the fun is . . . poolside, patio or recreation room.

The shallow "outer" basket holds 16 glasses and the "inner" deep well basket (10" wide x 14" high) accommodates 5-6 bottles. Handmade in Europe of the finest full willow, this is a welcome gift at $12.95 postpaid.

Brent Warden
++++ GIFTS BY MAIL
Box 3866-R, Rochester, N. Y. 14610



Send check or money order to
Candle House, Box 5352, Akron, Ohio 44313

CONTINENTAL FLIGHT BAG



You can carry a whole week's wardrobe (including extra suit) in this dashing imported bag! Made of tough, durable water buffalo hide and sheepskin, fully lined . . . lightweight yet unbelievably rugged . . . supple leather conforms to contents! Two outside, strapped utility pockets for extras. Solid English brass zipper lock and buckle, sturdy wrap-around strap. In rich natural tan hide. 21" long x 8" wide x 12½" high, weighs about 4 lbs. A distinguished gift for any traveler with a flair for the unusual. **$24.95 ppd.**

Write for free color catalog of unique gifts for men.
Immediate shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed
Send check or money order.

A MAN'S WORLD

Dept. V115, Flushing, New York 11352
Division of HOBI

MAKE YOUR OWN NEEDLEPOINT MONOGRAM BASKET



Kit includes basket, directions and all materials required to complete this eye-catching accessory. The decorative velvet ribbon trim matches the monogram yarn and comes in yellow, hot pink, olive, red, navy, turquoise and wedgewood. Basket linings are in color coordinated prints.

Small $8.95—*Medium* $9.95—*Large* $10.50 *ppd.*
4 x 9" 5 x 10" 6 x 12"

THE KNIT SHOP

LAMINGTON ROAD—BEDMINSTER, N. J.



Feline Fanciers...meet

"MINKY MOUSE"

The perfect gift for your favorite feline. Genuine mink filled with irresistibly fragrant catnip. Your cat will have endless hours of ecstasy with this practically indestructible toy.

ORDER NOW FROM
"MINKY MOUSE" Dept. V-11
706 S. Hill St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.
Please send ___ Minky Mice @ $2.95 ppd.
Ship to_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____
Calif. residents add 12c Sales Tax per unit.

FASHIONS IN LIVING

VOGUE'S

Collectors' Christmas



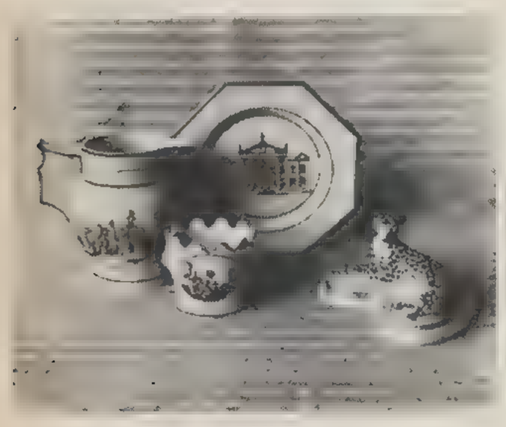
Collectors collect special things to live with. Givers collect special things to give them. It's a happy Christmas when gifts and collections see eye to eye. are lived with happily ever after. Here, some collectors' ideas for givers. *Above:* Horn Cups, Ostrich Eggs, Carved Coconuts . . . news here and in Paris. A black lacquer 19th c. French chinoiserie table, 9½" high, $175 at Past & Present. 57 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10022. holds a horn cornucopia, $175 pr., a Scottish snuff mull of horn, $45, a horn cup (far right, between ostrich eggs), $40; all silver-mounted. all from the Belgravia House Antiques collections, 227 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10022. The silver-mounted carved-coconut covered cup and the ostrich egg with gold chinoiserie, on stand far right, $225 ea. from the antiques at Chodoff, 117 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10022. Modern ostrich egg on red lacquer stand. $126 pr., Richard Callahan. 215 E. 64th St., N. Y. 10022. Horn cups may hold pens or flowers; ostrich eggs make a mantle garniture or stand in for sculpture in a bookcase. Horn mulls in rows on a table can double as match- or pill-boxes . . . may still hold snuff. *Below, left:* A Never-Before Egg . . . A Swedish frosted glass egg is really a lamp on a teakwood nest to stand on a table or to hang on the wall, $27 from George Kovacs, 831 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10022. *Below:* Snuff and Patch Boxes . . . reproductions of old ones. Top left, Chantilly porcelain chinoiserie box, silver gilt mount, $15. Limoges round box decorated with butterflies and beetles and the leitmotif, "A man pursues a woman until she catches him." $17.50. Limoges porcelain rectangular box with blue flowers, mauve ribbons, and the not-so-snappy motto, "Who Opens This Must Have A Kiss." $20. Top right, a large Hammersley English bone china egg with millefleurs design. $20. Small flowered French pottery box says "Love The Giver." $5. All at Tiffany, New York, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Houston.





SHOP HOUND

Below: Creil faïence, black, white and yellow reproductions from the original French moulds. Here, a Liverpool-type pitcher, $16.50; a small cache-pot, scenes of the four seasons, $9 ea.; an octagonal luncheon plate, gold-rimmed, with Palladian Villas, $7. From the Mottahadeh collection. A snow leopard on yellow-and-gold base (museum copy), $70 pr. All Serendipity-3, 225 E. 60th St., N. Y. 10022. The fabric, a Creil-yellow corded velvet from Tressard, 50″ wide, $30 yd., 979 Third Ave., N. Y. 10022.



Below: Collector's Grog Table. Copy of a rare black lacquer and gold-leaf tea table, about 25″ high x 29″ x 22″, $860, Blaine and Booth, 155 E. 55th St., N. Y. 10022. Reed & Barton glass-lined sterling cups, $11.95 ea., at Altman's, Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10017. Swedish crystal decanters, $40 pr., Acorn sterling knife, $15. All at Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10022. Brass corkscrew, bottle opener on a wooden stand, $13.50; Noisy Oyster, 960 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10022. Leerdam crystal pitcher, $7, Lord & Taylor, N. Y. 10017. Old wood and silver box turned ice bucket, $35. Nan Duskin, Phila. English sterling 10″ tray, $45. Robinson, 12 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10022.



Above: Malachite Bibelots . . . Furs For The House . . . the precious and enchanting. A chinchilla-dyed rabbit throw, silk backed, $650, Plummer McCutcheon, 3 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10021. An 18-k. gold-banded malachite picture frame, $400. A polished serpentine lucky stone inlaid with eyes ($35), on a malachite cigarette box lined with Tiger's Eye, $500. An octagonal pill or earring box of 18-k. gold, malachite, $400. All Italian. Montici, 156 E. 64th St., N. Y. 10021.



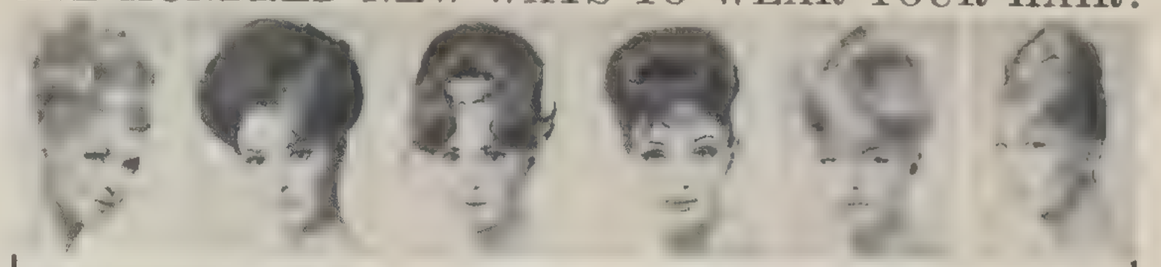
Above: For Soup Lovers, Faïence Vegetable Collectors. New Italian tureens: melon with plate and ladle, $52; scenic pumpkin, $65. Both at La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10022. Cauliflower, $27. Tiffany New York, Houston, Beverly Hills, Los Angeles. Beautiful to collect . . . to give.



DAVID MASSEY

SHOP HOUND ADDRESS BOOK

ONE HUNDRED NEW WAYS TO WEAR YOUR HAIR!





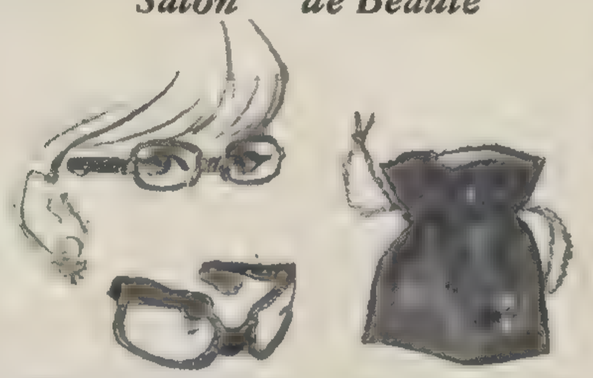
JOSEPH FLEISCHER HAIRPIECE
FIRST EDITION! **STYLE BOOK $1.00**

- *40 pages of the newest in hairpiece fashion!*
- *Over 100 photographs of latest hairpiece styles!*

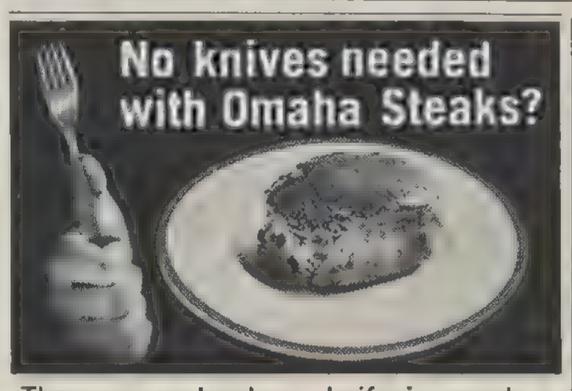
Created, designed and edited by Max Miller, Pres. of the internationally renowned Joseph Fleischer Company. This exciting new Hairpiece Style Book gives you a ready-reference whenever you want a style that's truly unique, and shows you how many exquisite effects are possible with hairpieces. Smart women everywhere are ordering it as the most *convenient* way to hair glamour. It's the most exciting hair fashion book to come along in years.

JOSEPH FLEISCHER CO., 12 West 27th Street, (Dept. V115) New York 1, N.Y.
Please send my copy of the new Joseph Fleischer Hairpiece Style Book. I enclose $1.00.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Joyce Christopher
Salon de Beauté



THE EYES HAVE IT!
Folding glasses that collapse to a mere inch or so . . . cling close to the temples instead of behind the ears, and won't disarrange a strand of freshly coiffed head. Frames come from France in Black or Mock Tortoise Shell. One size fits all —including prescription lenses and chic tote case, only **$23.50.**
Mail orders promptly filled. No C.O.D's. Enclose your prescription and color choice.
80 EAST 56TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022

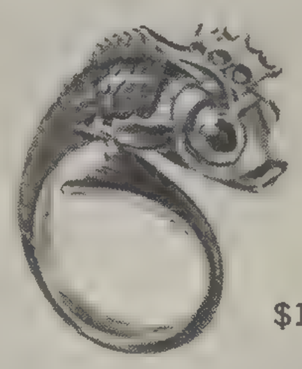


They are so tender a knife is merely a social gesture. We pick only the choicest cuts of corn-fed beef from the world's largest selection—at Omaha. Aged to succulent perfection, individually wrapped, gift-packed in our handy reusable picnic cooler, Omaha Steaks are delivered PREPAID in guaranteed perfect condition.

18 (6-oz.) Filet Mignons, boneless center cuts, approx. 1¼" thick.....**$33.75**
4 (12-oz.) Boneless Strip Sirloins, 1⅛" thick, **and 4 (6-oz.) Filet Mignons,** 1¼" thick.....**$24.75**

Please send check and arrival date desired. If you wish, we will insert your card with gift orders.
Write for complete catalog.
Omaha Steaks International
A Companion Company of TABLE SUPPLY MEAT COMPANY
Dept. V-11, 1209 Howard St., Omaha, Nebr. 68102

FRENCH ENAMEL DOLPHIN RING
Precious Rubies and Sapphires
Set in 14Kt. Gold

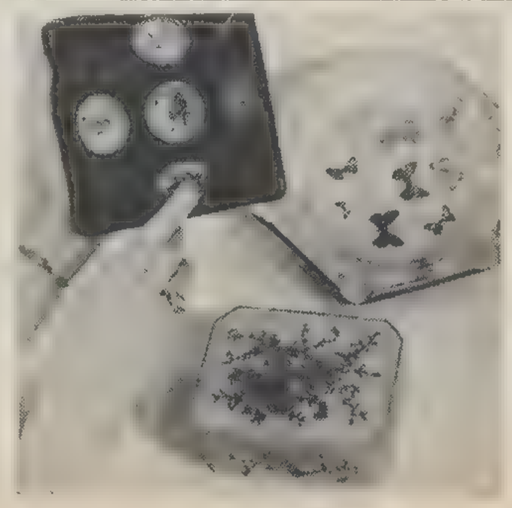


$115 ppd.

Also Available with Diamond Crown $165 ppd.

Please Specify Finger Size

le Beau
Custom Design Jewelers
784 Madison Ave. New York, N.Y.



Découpage Set

This exquisite 18th Century craft is translated into the simplest form in the Starter Set. These supplies will do a wide variety of objects such as ash trays, small boxes, lamps and shades. Included are prints of medallions, shells, butterflies, scrolls, crests; 24 oil pencils, paste, varnish, paint, sponge, brushes, Treasure Gold and instructions. Specify paint color: shell pink, powder blue, frost green, antique white, onyx black. Satisfaction guaranteed. $7.95 ppd.

PATRICIA NIMOCKS, inc. Dept. V-11
P.O. Box 7187, Louisville, Kentucky 40207

SHOP HOUND ADDRESS BOOK

FUN
Fashion

You'll look your loveliest at the concert, football games, ski slopes . . .

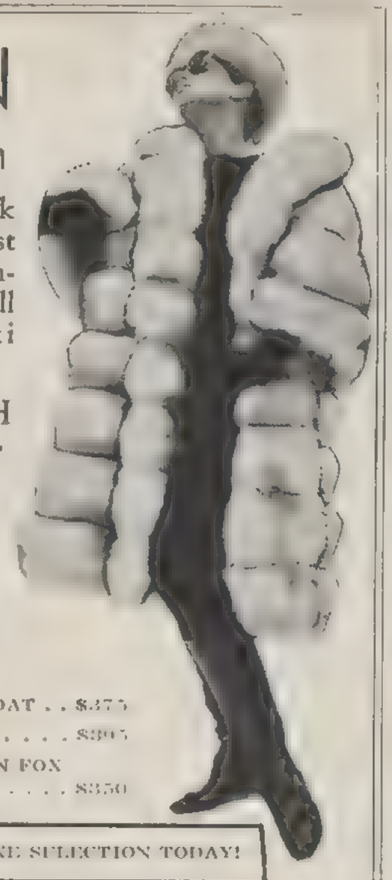
FRENCH RABBIT

At prices you can afford!

$169

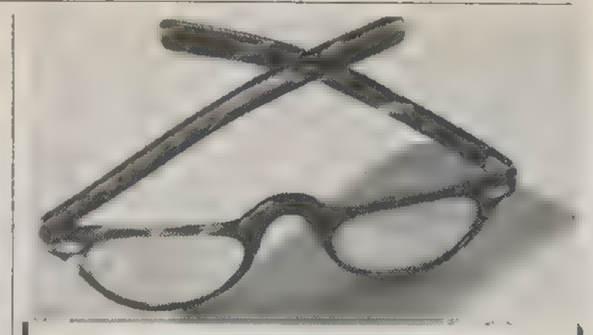
¾ Length

- KID FOX COAT . . $475
- LYNX Nat. $395
- MONGOLIAN FOX ¾ $350



SEE OUR FINE SELECTION TODAY!

Jack Knoll-Holiday
FUR. CORP.
44 West 57th St., New York City
Circle 6-2475



Read the tiniest print instantly!
with these fashionable
"half frame"
Reading Glasses

Men and women will find these Black or Brown Tortoise frame "Ben Franklin" style glasses a perfect aid in reading fine print in menus, phone books, programs, etc. Wear these "look over" glasses and still have normal distance vision without removing them.

Specify men's or women's.

with Carrying Case only . . . **$5.95** ppd.

JOY OPTICAL CO.
Dept. 411, 84 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

Before starting to use EYE-CARE*



BAGGY EYES? WEAR EYE-CARE*

EYE-CARE can help you eliminate puffiness under your eyes. Worn while you sleep, EYE-CARE will help you look younger and more attractive. EYE-CARE contains sleeping mask with special attachment to help eliminate puffiness. $15.95 ppd. No C.O.D. Dept. V.

Ann Rudo

50 E. 72nd Street, New York, N.Y.

*Patent Pending



After using EYE-CARE* for 2 to 3 weeks



CARRY THE SECRET OF SOFT, LOVELY HANDS WHEREVER YOU GO

New, lovely decorator dispenser contains individual applications of lanolin-rich Balm Argenta in tiny foil "pillows"... 8 "pillows" per packet. For dispenser with 12 packets—96 individual applications—send $1.75. No stamps or COD, please.



BALM ARGENTA Dept. 211
500 Robert St., St. Paul, Minn. 55101



MORE LIFE THAN A DIAMOND
The Fabulous "FABULITE"
AT $28 PER CARAT

MYSTERY • ROMANCE • FIRE "Fabulite" is the most exciting laboratory-made synthetic product now available at moderate prices. "Fabulite" has a light dispersion of almost 2½ times that of a diamond

Light Dispersion of "Fabulite" 0.108
Light Dispersion of Diamond 0.044
Index of Refraction of "Fabulite" 2.409
Index of Refraction of Diamond 2.417

Because of the greater dispersion of "Fabulite", there is more "fire" or play of colors than can be observed in the diamond. You can buy "Fabulite" simulated gems with absolute confidence. Available up to 34 carat size. You take no risk, sold on a MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE within 10 days.

Send no money, write for FREE BROCHURE showing luxurious settings for men and women.

THE STRONGITE CO. Dept. 33V, 7 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

RESTORE BEAUTY...SOLVE COMPLEXION PROBLEMS

DÉ ANS INFRA-RAY FACIAL MASK

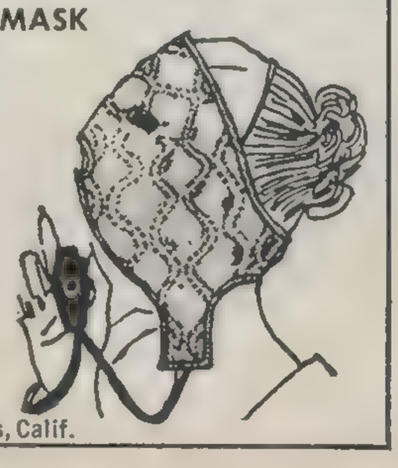
assures the loveliness of glowing complexion . . . flushes out impurities through the pores. Revitalizes your skin, its glands, builds beauty from within. Works wonders. **THE RADIANT SKIN COMPLEXION WILL AMAZE YOU. $19.95 ppd.**



ELECTRIC BOOTEES TO WARM YOUR TOOTSIES

Cold aching feet affect your entire body. The radiant INFRA-RAY heat relieves pain, relaxes tired nerves, induces restful sleep **$24.95.**

Free therapy literature on beauty or pain relief.



DÉ ANS, Dept. V
257 So. Robertson, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Winds were lore-sick

(Continued from page 128)

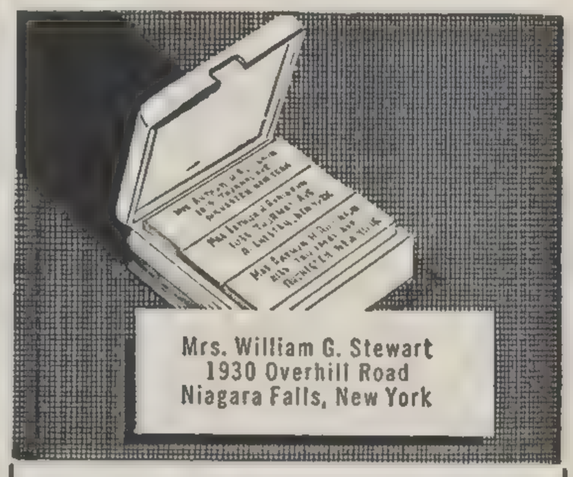
À quelle odeur Monsieur le Comte ferat-il campagne? The true ancien régime note sounds here, and is echoed by one of the Count's own quips: "I really can't be bothered to hate anyone—not even those who've done me a good turn."

Skipping back a few centuries, but still in France, at the dissolute court of Marie de Médicis, the use of perfumes (and poisons) was at its height. The Italian Princess had arrived to marry Henry IV, bringing among her retinue René le Florentin, a celebrated expert whose perfumes, cosmetics, and philtres were all the rage. He stayed on in Paris to set up a business on the Pont de Change, his shop becoming a fashionable rendezvous. At that time perfumers were summoned to attend the nobility on State occasions much as, today, we learn of top-rank hairdressers flying across the world to glorify royal weddings or gala occasions. But with this difference: René le Florentin and his ilk were also renowned for their discretion and dispatch in the matter of poisons—often concealed in rings or gloves.

Which reminds me of a Renaissance Italian poison ring my mother used to wear. Behind the intricacies of its pearl and turquoise façade a tiny enamelled poison flask was concealed, its stopper no bigger than a pin's head. One of my favourite bedtime stories was of a Borgia banquet where the ring was given to some departing guest. Barely was he away before the poison worked its havoc and he lay writhing on the palazzo steps. After which the story became rather confused, and the victim, now identified with the legend of Isabella and the pot of basil, was having his severed head wept over, in the macabre fashion recounted by Boccaccio. But such situations are ever the delight of the nursery, which prefers to sup on horrors. My mother, overcome by the persuasive powers of a well-known medium, lent the ring for occult investigation, and that was the last we ever saw of it—alas! for there have been several occasions in my subsequent life when I could have put it to good use.

Always, perfume has marked great moments, joyous or otherwise. Incense, rising from myriad altars, Chinese pagodas, Greek temples, rococo cathedrals; orange blossoms for a bride, perfumed fountains to celebrate the birth of a princely heir. Napoleon, who generally disliked strong perfume, and dismissed the loveliest mistresses

(Continued on page 168)



Mrs. William G. Stewart
1930 Overhill Road
Niagara Falls, New York

1000 Name & Address Labels $1
ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS $2 ppd.

Sensational bargain! Your name and address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Conveniently padded. Packed with FREE useful Plastic GIFT BOX. Use them on stationery, checks, books, greeting cards, records, etc. *Beautifully printed* on finest quality gummed paper—1000 labels only $1.00 postpaid. SPECIAL—SAVE MONEY! ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS $2. *A terrific bargain!* Makes an ideal gift. If you don't agree this is the buy of the year we'll refund your money in full. HANDY LABELS, 1142 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City 1, California.

SHOP HOUND

your best way

to market by mail

—the quick reference

for new ideas

in gifts

and giving

Private Wire from Everywhere

(Continued from page 161)

Chanel No. 5—even old lady elevator operators like perfume.

FLORENCE

The aristocratic Florentine families who own properties in Chianti have had new bottles made with crests and titles. They say: "It's for America."

NEW YORK

Mimi Paul is a soloist in a company that refuses to have stars—the New York City Ballet company. The essence of grace, she can go through the most erotic succession of ballet gestures with perfection of style and dignity. Suzanne Farrell is another miraculous ballerina with legs as long apparently as stilts.

LONDON

When Cecil Beaton gave a dinner for H.R.H. The Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon, the quick impression was of the mixing of people, and of clothes. It went, in part, like this: David Warner, the way-out Hamlet, Giacometti-length, in horn-rimmed glasses; young Jane Ormsby-Gore in a red-velvet trouser suit with a ruffled white blouse; her brother, Julian, with shirt, tie, handkerchief, all of blue Paisley; the Earl of Drogheda, Managing Director of *Financial Times*, Ltd. and Chairman of the Royal Opera House; Lady Drogheda, in a short gold lamé suit; Ivan Moffat, who is writing the film scripts for the Lawrence Durrell quartet; Mrs. Moffat, in black ruffles to the floor; pretty girls, including Kathleen Hulton in Mod Paisley to mid-calf; and a scatter of young men in blue jeans. Cecil Beaton wore his cherry-coloured velvet *smoking*. The sum: a crisscross pattern of arts, talents, brains, looks, fun.

NEW YORK

Oddly enough, one of the most interesting and most discussed books is *Outsider in the Vatican* (Macmillan), by a New York artist who also makes his living as a dentist. His name is Frederick Franck and he went to Rome for the Ecumenical Councils to sketch first Pope John and then Pope Paul with their Cardinals and Bishops. Among the fascinating descriptions is that of Father Francis Xavier Murphy, Professor of Patristic Theology, in Rome. The Father has been rumored to be the author of the books on the Councils written under the pseudonym of Xavier Rynne. (Father Murphy's mother was a Rynne.) He is, wrote Franck, "a square man, white-wirehaired, with a big round head and intense light-blue eyes that popped out when he spoke." Franck continued, "I . . . drew him in his room at the Academia Alfonsiana, a room that reminded me of our maid's room in my youth, complete with iron bedstead and rickety table. But it was full of books and magazines, and smelled of printed paper, which lay in heaps barring the way, wherever one went. When Father Murphy wanted to show me a paper he had just published, he pulled it from under the heap on his bed. While I was drawing him, he talked excitedly—this man seemed to be constantly excited—about the Council and how it was going in the right direction.

"I asked him what he thought of the amazingly well-informed 'Letters from Vatican City' that were appearing in *The New Yorker* over the signature 'Xavier Rynne.' 'Pretty good,' he said.

" 'Who wrote them, do you know?' I asked. 'Everybody is asking who could possibly have written them.'

" 'Oh,' Father Murphy laughed, showing all his prominent pipe-smoker's teeth, 'there are rumors that it was written by a group of priests under a pseudonym.' And he very quickly changed the subject to talk about when he was a U.S. Army chaplain in Korea and Chief Army Chaplain in Berlin.

" 'Are you a New Yorker, Father?'

" 'And how!' he said with a big Fernandel grin. 'My dad was a cop in the Bronx! . . .' "

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 114-115; other views, yardages, details)



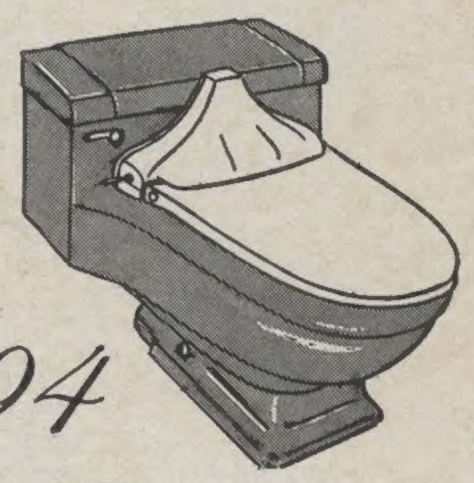
Above: Golden lamé seraglio pyjamas—sleeveless blouse optional; also fitted sleeveless jacket, ankle-length skirt, and sash. Vogue Pattern 6621. Sizes 10 to 16. Size 14 requires 5 yards of 45″ fabric without nap. Price: $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.



Above: Golden cage of spangles—pattern includes short or long robe, and nightcap. Vogue Pattern 6644. Sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 requires 6½ yards of 36″ fishnet fabric used double; 3½ yards of 45″ fabric for lining. Price: $1. In Canada, $1.10.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

NEW



$194

Bidet
(Say BEE-DAY)

The Continental way

ADD THE *Luxurious* CONTINENTAL TOUCH!

Fastidious Americans—discover the indispensable "fourth" bathroom fixture long an essential in the elegant homes and hotels of Paris, Rome, Caracas and Rio. It's the unique bidet. For many years sophisticated continentals have used the bidet to assure themselves of the ultimate in personal cleanliness and daily hygienic habits. Isn't it about time we, on this side of the ocean, did the same?

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE!

Here is an amazing new American bathroom appliance made to do everything a European bidet does and much more. Just flip the finger tip control and you are washed clean with a jet stream of warmed water, and then you are dried by a flow of warmed air. The Continental Bidet makes it so easy to keep shower fresh and immaculate at all times. It is truly a new dimension in personal cleanliness for every member of the family.

FEMININE HYGIENE!

With the Continental Bidet intimate personal cleansing is so quick, simple, sure and much more convenient than a tub or shower. The Continental Bidet can easily be used many times a day. You can hardly believe it unless you see it and try it.

HEMORRHOID AND PERINEAL PROBLEMS RELIEVED!

The soothing effect of the warm water stream acts like a "sitzbath", the recommended treatment for many perineal discomforts. It also relieves—often eliminates irregularity. These are a few of the many functions featured for everyone who uses the Continental Bidet.

FOR CHILDREN TOO!

A mothers little helper? Yes, It's just what mother ordered. With the Continental Bidet children are taught real cleanliness. They are intrigued by the push button idea of a warm water wash and warm air dry, and quickly learn to use it.

CONSIDER THESE FEATURES!

The Continental Bidet replaces the seat on any make and model commode. It makes it's own warm water and warm air instantly. The unit is easily installed in minutes. Thousands are now used in apartments, homes, offices, schools, motels, hotels and institutions.

NO PLUMBER NECESSARY!

ASK ABOUT OUR SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER.

Clip and Mail Today!

THE CONTINENTAL BIDET COMPANY
663 FIFTH AVENUE N.Y.C., 10022
PHONE N.Y.421-0660 N.J.869-2334

Please send further information on the Continental Bidet to

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____

☐ OUR SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER.

Is
it
Really Anne



Gown by d'crenza

or



Accentuette?

Who cares?... No matter what you have to start with, Accentuette's pushup pads raise and round from the side, curving a small bosomed figure into soft, natural fullness. Really . . . it's fun to have less than you should... because then you can slip into an Accentuette and see how fast things develop.
Style #508—$9.00

Accentuette

For the name of store nearest you and a free booklet on other styles, "How to Pick a Perfect Padded Bra," write Accentuette, 3620 Eastham Dr., Dept. VII, Culver City, Calif.

Winds were love-sick

(Continued from page 166)

for their excessive use of it, celebrated great victories by tipping a dozen litres of Eau de Cologne into his bath; the first embalmers dispatched their Pharaohs into the next world in the spiced aromas which, archaeologists tell us, still linger round a newly-opened sarcophagus; odours of sanctity, like the miraculous rose-breathing balm which some saints are said to exhale centuries after their death.

Turning from sacred to profane, I remember, with love and longing, a kinkajou who had the run of a friend's house in Sussex. It was passionately devoted to strong, and preferably expensive, scents and would frisk upstairs making a beeline for any dressing-table which promised these treats. Bath salts or Nanny's lavender-water were ignored. Its beady little eyes rolled blissfully as its paws made short work of the stopper and it tipped the whole flacon over its head, rubbing it into its fur briskly, like a hair-tonic. Then, drenched, it would be off, its passing pervading the whole house. It must be admitted that it was not truly discriminating, for it was equally happy in the garage when it could contrive to turn the cap of a petrol tin and repeat the process. The mixed reek was unfortunate.

This rather catholic taste reminds me of pre-war Roumanian army officers who shared the national taste for heavy perfumes lavishly used. Like their uniforms, which were of a Ruritanian flavour, this imposed a certain, but quite misleading, air of musical-comedy to these warriors. If I remember rightly, there was an Army ruling that only officers above a certain rank —that of Lieutenant, perhaps— were allowed to use scent. I suppose the lower echelons had to make-do with eau de toilette or that powerful Balkan stand-by, attar of roses. I certainly remember that the policemen on point duty seem to radiate an overpowering rosy sweetness.

Inside "Private View"

(Continued from page 97)

palazzo, country club and Hogarthian sweatshop—all had a part in our experience. For the first photograph of all in this book we humped our equipment high above the Thames to the top of an isolated tower; others resulted from interviews in which first one classic of English literature and then another, and yet again a third, were irresistibly recalled —*The Importance of Being Earnest* in Albany, for instance; *The Beggar's Opera* near Richard Smith's studio in the City; Dickens and Graham Greene when the tide pulled and sucked at the piers of Tower Bridge.

Making a book of this kind is a human adventure as much as an aesthetic or an intellectual one. Bryan Robertson and I were lucky in having as our associate someone who is at home in all societies and can make himself as welcome in a bed-sitter as in those gilded salons where, as Cyril Connolly once said, "everybody is somebody and nobody is anybody."

Unlike many other photographers, Snowdon does not try to impose his own personality on his sitters. Nor does he ever claim for himself the rank to which this book proves his title: that of an artist among other artists. The sitter was left free on every occasion to expand as best suited him while Snowdon, agile as a dragonfly powered by Boeing, manoeuvred with a small hand camera and a minimum of fuss.

A capital of art includes, by definition, almost every imaginable human type: philosopher and holy idiot, golden boy and derelict, saint and demonic schemer, administrator and clown, pauper and near-millionaire. The authors of *Private View* could touch on these matters by implication only; the photographer had to deal with them direct. And it is thanks to Snowdon's adaptability, conscientiousness, basic reticence, and formidable powers of work that *Private View* succeeds, if succeed it does, in getting not a series of spectacular individuals but a complete and rounded world between hard covers.

Statement Required by the Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code showing the Ownership, Management and Circulation of VOGUE Incorporating Vanity Fair, published Semi-Monthly except in May, June, July & December when it is published monthly, for October 1, 1965.

1. Location of known office of Publication is Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Connecticut, 06830.

2. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers is 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York, 10017.

3. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor are: Publisher, S. I. Newhouse, Jr., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017; Editor, Diana Vreeland, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017; Managing Editor, Rosemary Blackmon, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

4. The owner is: The Condé Nast Publications Inc., Greenwich, Connecticut, 06830. Stockholders: The Patriot-News Co., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Iva S. V.-Patcevitch, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017; Louis A. Green, 55 Liberty St., New York, N. Y. 10005; Charles C. Nast, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

5. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

6. Paragraphs 4 and 5 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 4 and 5 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 percent or more of the total amount of the stock or securities of the publishing corporation.

7.	Average No. Copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single issue nearest to filing date
A. Total No. copies printed (Net Press Run)	522,729	568,847
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	150,962	200,030
2. Mail Subscriptions	290,210	288,595
C. Total Paid Circulation	441,172	488,625
D. Free Distribution by Mail, Carrier or other means	10,414	10,103
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	451,586	498,728
F. Office use, Left-over, Unaccounted, Spoiled after Printing	71,143	70,119
G. Total (Sum of E and F)	522,729	568,847

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signed) S. I. Newhouse Jr., Publisher.



You can buy Hair Spray DE Pantene®

in Paris, France; London, England; Madrid, Spain



and in enlightened stores, U.S.A.



Pray do. Years now, Hair Spray DE Pantene has been the secret chic of Europe's natural beauties. Because it contains D-Panthenol, a pro-vitamin that enriches the hair. In consequence, Pantene takes less to do more. Deep-conditions while it does. Helps keep the hair shining-clean and healthy looking. Does the same for tired hair. For color-treated hair, too. Now it is here. Three ways. In the blue container, for a natural hold. In the white, for a soft hold. And now, and new, in the violet container, for a firm hold. At about $2.00 the container. Also here now: Forming DE Pantene, to set and condition your hair. About $3.00. Both, at these, the enlightened: Lord & Taylor; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Rich's, Atlanta; Jordan Marsh-Florida; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin & Co., and other fine stores. The Pantene Co., 555 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Hair Spray DE Pantene®



An entertaining Mister Pants idea in flowing, fluid crepe. The pants 18.00, the top 13.00, in sizes 6-16, at **Lord & Taylor, New York**/Rich's, Atlanta/Hutzler's Baltimore/Filene's, Boston/Bramson's, Chicago/Halle Bros., Cleveland/Sanger-Harris, Dallas/Neusteter's, Denver/G. Fox, Hartford/Foley's, Houston/Hovland Swanson Co., Lincoln/J.W. Robinson, Los Angeles/Jordan Marsh, Miami/Godchaux, New Orleans/Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia/Goldwater's, Phoenix/Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh/Famous-Barr, St. Louis/Woodward & Lothrop, Washington and wherever the finest things are sold. Mister Pants, 550 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10018.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

THERE IS ONLY ONE

Mister Pants

T-M REG.